



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

(From Hawthorne—"Mosses from an Old Manse," and elsewhere.)

The poet leaves his song half sung, or finishes it, beyond the scope of mortal ears, in a celestial choir.

A dreamer may dwell so long among fantasies, that the things without him will seem as unreal as those within.

All persons chronically diseased are egotists, whether the disease be of the mind or body; whether it be sin or sorrow.

Men of strong minds, great force of character, and a hard texture of the sensibilities, are very capable of falling into mistakes.

It would be a poor compliment to a dead poet to fancy him leaning out of the sky, and snuffing up the impure breath of earthly praise.

Human nature will not flourish, any more than a potato, if it be planted and replanted for too long a series of generations, in the same worn-out soil.

Troubles are a sociable brotherhood; they love to come hand in hand, or sometimes, even to come side by side with long looked-for and hoped-for good fortune.

How many who have deemed themselves antagonists will smile hereafter, and perceive that, in unconscious brotherhood, they were helping to bind the self-same shawl!

How it strengthens the poor human spirit in its reliance on his providence to ascend above the common level, and so attain a somewhat wider glimpse of his dealings with mankind.

If we take the freedom to put a friend under our microscope, we thereby insulate him from many of his true relations, magnify his peculiarities, invariably tear him into parts, and of course, patch him very clumsily together again.

Let the canvas glow as it may, you must look with the eye of faith, or its highest excellence escapes you. Like all revelations of the better life, the adequate perception of a great work of art demands a gifted simplicity of vision.

To persons whose pursuits are insulated from the common business of life—who are either in advance of mankind or part from it—there often comes a sensation of moral cold that makes the spirit shiver as if it had reached the frozen solitudes around the pole.

Oh, how heavily passes the time, while an adventurous youth is yearning to do his part in life, and to gather in the harvest of his own renown! How hard a lesson it is to wait! Our life is brief, and how much of it is spent in teaching us only this.

Fame! some very humble persons in a town may be said to possess it,—as the penny-post, the town crier, the constable,—and they are known to everybody; while many richer, more intellectual, worthier persons are unknown by the majority of their fellow-citizens.

PHYSICAL MEDIUMSHIP.

Interesting Experiences with the Davenport Brothers.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The brief outline of the history of Rev. J. B. Ferguson, given by Dr. Morton in last week's GOLDEN GATE, revives my memory of the intimate social intercourse I had the honor of enjoying with that distinguished gentleman, for a year or two before he passed to the better world.

I have listened for hours at a time in social converse, to his thrilling narratives of the mysterious events which compelled him to publicly avow his undoubting belief in spirit return; and that, while he was a leading clergyman in Nashville, and preaching in a costly church edifice, of which the partiality of his congregation had made him the legal owner.

His first intimation of the possibility of so-called "dead" communicating with the living, was by automatic writing by Mrs. Ferguson, while in a dazed or unconscious condition. It purported to be written by his nephew, a young attorney of St. Louis, whom he had educated, and of whom he had reason to believe was then living and in good health.

It stated, "I left my life insurance policy with Uncle —, in Kentucky. If you recover on that, I want you to reimburse your advances to me, and pay other debts I owe with the money. If it is not paid, sell my library, etc. You cannot believe it is me that is writing this, but when I repeat your parting charge to me, while standing on the bridge, and which no mortal but myself ever heard, you will be compelled to believe;"—and here the charge and conversation were circumstantially narrated, and of his recent death.

Authentic information soon reached the Doctor confirming every particular. He proceeded immediately to the uncle's in Kentucky, found the policy, collected it, and administered his nephew's estate.

And now his investigations began in sober earnest. He boldly proclaimed from the "sacred desk" his belief in a renewal of super-mundane revelations. This was received with such disfavor that a contest arose. The court decided triumphantly in his favor, making him the legal owner of the meeting house; but, governed by higher motives than pecuniary gain, he magnanimously reconveyed the title deed of the property to the trustees of the church.

I do not remember whether it was before or subsequent to these events, that the Tennessee Secession Convention assembled, but I do remember his telling me that that body called him before it, and requested his views as to the expediency of Tennessee's joining the Confederacy, which he gave in favor of secession, in an elaborate speech.

When Nashville surrendered to the Federal authorities, Mr. Ferguson was arrested and put in jail. Andy Johnson became Provisional Governor, and sent for and consulted him on questions of public policy. "These," said the Governor, "being your views, you can do us more good as a freeman than in jail," and he was liberated.

Passing over intermediate events, I will relate one in particular, as having occurred while Dr. Ferguson had charge of the Davenport boys in England. Lord Spencer (I think it was) called on him and said, "I believe the phenomena are what you claim, but I strongly desire to be able to assure others that I know them to be such. To that end I wish you to bring these young men to my mansion, and give me the entire charge of them for a seance."

Mr. Ferguson told me that he felt himself in the tightest sort of a predicament. To refuse would confirm suspicion of jugglery; to consent, and no manifestations appear, the ruin to him and the cause would be still worse. Several times, while giving those exhibitions, they had met with entire failures, and that when everything appeared as promising as usual; but he resolved to risk consequences.

They found assembled lords temporal and lords spiritual, to whom they were respectfully introduced. Lord Spencer invited the boys into a room, from which they returned with all their clothing

changed. Some cords were thrown into a large wardrobe, through the doors of which openings had been made, and the brothers entered.

"And now," said the Rev., "my anxiety had reached its acme, and if a poor mortal ever felt relief while utter ruin was staring him in the face, I felt it. When hands, large and small, were seen coming out of the holes in the doors, which directly flew open, showing both mediums securely tied, hands and feet, to immovable seats, my relief was unspeakable."

"The seance proved to be one of the best manifestations of spirit power we had ever had, and the verdict of the dignitaries was unanimous in our favor."

One of my own experiences with these mediums in St. Louis: They were so securely tied that a police officer said if they were his prisoners, he would feel safe to leave them. By request of the audience, a well known giant of a man took a seat in the cabinet between them, taking the tied hands of each in his own. When he came out he told us he had had enough of that. "Soon," said he "as the door closed those musical instruments that lay on the floor jumped up into my lap, then on my shoulder and head, playing tunes all the time. I shan't try that again."

We could see them tied, as at first, till the doors closed, when, in two minutes, the doors opened, and both walked out, leaving the ropes on the floor.

I did not understand Mrs. W— to say cabinet seances were not genuine once, but that now counterfeit imitation had taken the place of honest mediumship so far as dark cabinets were concerned, and she did not believe that one in ten thousand apparent materializations was really such; but I respectfully submit that if one apparent form in a million is a veritable *fac simile* of one who has passed over, and it gives moral and mental proof of identity, then the astounding fact of materialization is established; for it follows as a logical sequence that if a law exists by virtue of which one can be effected, an indefinite number may be.

When the opposers of spiritual phenomena will explain the *modus operandi* of the rap, slate-writing and clairaudience, which they mainly admit the crowning wonder, form materialization, will be understood.

I am as much in the dark as to the process by which Fred Evans got pertinent letters between clasped slates from three of my near kin, whose names had not been written nor spoken, and who died forty years ago, and from others of whom I had not thought that day, with their full names subscribed, as I should have been at seeing them in human form standing before me. It is quite too late to limit possibilities in these mysteries.

G. B. C.

Mrs. Stephens in San Jose.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Spiritualists of San Jose have lately enjoyed a visit from Mrs. P. W. Stephens. She was welcomed to the homes of many old friends, where she was often accompanied by unseen ones from "over there," and gave many loving, cheering messages from them. Mrs. Stephens addressed the Spiritual Society on Sunday, Oct. 7th, morning and evening, giving two highly satisfactory discourses.

On Monday evening, Oct. 15th,—that being her sixty-sixth birthday—a few of her old friends gathered at the hospital home of Mr. Fred Wissman in honor of the occasion. With music furnished by the Misses Minnie and Annie Wissman and Bro. Vinter, with pleasant conversation, and frequent reminders of spirit presence through the mediumship of Mrs. Stephens, the evening passed quickly away.

At 9 o'clock the guests were invited into the dining-room to partake of a tempting repast prepared by the skilled hands of the hostess. While at the table Mrs. Stephens' control gave a short address.

At near 11 o'clock the guests took their departure, each one wishing the aged traveler, already well on her road, a pleasant passage the rest of her journey to the gateway of Summerland, and leaving valuable mementoes of their "good-bye" visit, turned homeward, feeling the evening had been pleasantly spent.

Fraternally yours,

MRS. J. J. CRAWFORD.

SAN JOSE, Oct. 22, 1888.

CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME.

An Address Delivered before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 7, 1888.

BY DR. J. D. MACLENNAN.

FRIENDS:—The great question on "the best means to prevent crime" now being discussed before this society, is indeed a weighty and important subject, and the ten minutes allowed each speaker, wherein to fire off their gun-shot speech on this great theme, is altogether too limited to do justice, even to the first letter of the whole twenty-six alphabet, which comprises the cause and prevention of crime.

We will therefore take the first letter A, using its left leg for the cause, and the right leg for the cure, and in doing so we are only handling the one-twenty-sixth part of the whole cause and prevention of crime.

As spirit underlies matter, and is the first move, we will commence with the psychic side of the question. The best means therefore to prevent crime is:

1. To be conceived right.
2. To be gestated right.
3. To be born right.
4. To be raised right.
5. To be educated right.
6. To be religiously unfolded right.
7. To belong to the right society here, as well as up there.

The first of these is prime importance, and is the most difficult to surmount, since man has no say in the choice of selecting the mould and material which is to give him form and natural character; nor is he asked whether he likes or dislikes the relative ancestral stock from which is to draw the majority of monousious atoms that are to enter into the composition of his material body, from the union of which is to be evolved his individuality and natural intelligence.

Taking these laws into consideration, and keeping in view of the rock and drift of past ages from which the innocent creature has evolved, and from which he is forced to evolve, by the lust, ignorance and passions of mankind; to be ushered into the world an unwelcome visitor, and launched upon the sea of time, to float and be tossed about, following the tide of his own carnal nature, which is constantly carrying him to the center of attraction, which corresponds in nature to the predominating elements; entering into the composition of his physical organism, and upon which the force and strength of his natural intelligence depends.

Taking all this into consideration, and coupling it with the universal laws, both physical, physiological, psychological, astral and spiritual, that stamp their mark in indelible colors on the embryonic mind during gestation by the material emotions, which frequently arises when the knowledge of her conditions dawns upon her mind.

O man, did you agree to keep the sanctuary pure and the garden in order, and afterwards invaded it in violation of your promise; entering the blooming garden, and transforming it into a farm-yard; raising turnips and cabbages where the rose-bush blossomed; potatoes where the pure, white lily was wont to unfold its spotless beauty; onions in place of the sweet and beautiful pansy; carrots where the hyacinth and heliotrope grew, and turned the rest into a chicken yard.

If the angel of the sanctuary has given her consent, and that the seed which you have selected with care, by taking it from the hopper of purity, which has been winnowed in the mills of virtue; then indeed shall be raised unto you a harvest, such as will make your soul glad; for when you have gathered it in, and make your display at the fairs of the nations, you shall win the first prize there.

But if, on the other hand, you have made this transformation in the garden, in violation of previous understanding, and contrary to her sovereign wish, then her sin will be left upon your head. She can not bare to see cabbages, onions, turnips, and carrots, take the place of the rose, lily, pansy and heliotrope.

On discovering the fact she revolts. A plan of destruction is entered upon, and with your own assistance, she goes to work and roots your cabbages and turnips

out, and when one is met with that has rooted too strong, you have to send for the nearest surgeon—I mean the gardener—who, when he comes and examines the undesirable product, and finds its roots entwined in the roots of a favorite bush, and that it can not be removed without the destruction of the bush following, he desists, and she must only endure it. But, as it grows, it is kept watered from the well of sadness, sorrow, hate and despair. It bears fruit and ripens. But oh, such fruit!

Tell me, husbandman, did it bring the first prize at the World's Fair?

"Yes, it took the first prize at the degenerate, for the most inferior product," replied the husbandman.

There are many other causes aside from this why women are not prepared to bear the cross and endure the crucifixion of maternity. It may arise from fashion, from cowardice, from indolence and wealth; it may arise from the shiftless cares of poverty, or it may (like the foregoing metaphor) come from the dainty dilettanteism which shrinks from having its patrician pleasures disturbed by the cares of maternity. In either case the psychological effects are the same. Desperation and the bitterness of death are in her heart, a plan to murder fills the soul toward the unwelcome, innocent, and unconscious intruder. She tries to free herself; she may succeed or she may fail, and in case of the latter another unwelcome human being is developed and brought forth into the world with crime and murder stamped by nature in letters of fire on every stone of his being (except the soul), which reads:

"I am what you made me;
I am not to blame."

Echo answers back from the ancestral recesses of past ages:

"You are what we made you;
We have helped create you."

On the other hand, offspring is desired, and in most cases obtained. But owing to ignorance of natural laws, the maternal conduct during the period of embryonic development may not be in accordance with the ideal offspring which she expects to add to the list of great and noble minds of earth. The psychological impressions stereotyped on the foetus by her emotions will enter largely into the fabric of his nature. The nature, good or evil of those impressions will resemble in a measure, and correspond with that which stirred the emotions.

A thousand and one obstacles arise. She may have a good husband, and be surrounded with love wealth, and ease, or she may have a cruel, hateful beast, whom she must call her lord and master, in whose soul no spark of love exists, except his carnal nature; she may be poor, and have to steal her pin-money from the miserly brute; or he may come home in liquor, and that would break her little heart to pieces; or he may be fond of gallantry with other women, and that would raise the very devil. She may be given to reading flaming and sensational novels, or she may be innocently fond of going to theatres, where plots and plans of crime are played upon the stage before her, all of which make deep impressions on the unborn little visitor.

These, my friends, are unsurmountable barriers, and would of itself require many volumes to elucidate this one subject alone.

When we take all this into consideration, we bend our head in humility, and with awe and amazement on our countenances, wonder that crime after all is not more prevalent than we find it.

We will lay aside these prenatal laws, physical, psychological, and astral, which tends to the depravity of humanity, and let us take the curious creature, *man*, as we find him to-day. Let us examine him and see if he can overcome his natural tendency which leads him to depravity.

Black and dismal indeed are the emanations which arise from him, and befogs his surroundings. But see, way deep in the innermost recesses of his nature, we see a ray of light—the star of hope, which God has planted there, that joins his spirit with the immortal world.

This little ray of light only requires to be fanned with the breath of love, blown from the lips of kindness to develop it into a blaze of light that will dispell the dark and gloomy emanations which arise from his carnal nature, and illuminate,

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The "Rain God."

Phenomenal Production of Rain by an Indian Prophet.

BY EDWARD W. HUDSON.

When the much-abused American Indians hold the gift of drawing water from the heavens, out of the rainy seasons, in California, at set times, even during severe droughts, it is evidently the same power manifested in ye olden time, in the producing of rain.

Of course, now, as then, we are living subjects of confidence, as it was in Bible times,—mediums. We read of prophets officiating and succeeding in producing rain, and even closing the heavens, causing long periods of drought for some wise purpose; and how Noah devoted one hundred years of time in building an ark to save a small portion of the human family, beasts, etc.

Congregations in Christian countries often assemble to implore the higher authorities to send down rain to restore the sick, and assist in national affairs; and they will know how to excuse your correspondent, who is to reiterate truths, for publicity, of some seemingly miraculous events, which occurred in 1862 and 1863, in Kern county, California, near where an Indian prophet, medicine-man, and Rain God, as he was styled and favorably known among his countrymen, was ruler, or chieftain, over a band of Indians on Kern river, on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

On the west side of the Sierras, in the southernmost part of Kern valley, our United States Government had established the Sebastian Military Reserve, and gathered in at this point over eight hundred native American Indians, with their chiefs, to instruct and support them from the products of the farm.

Two thousand acres of crops were now under cultivation, all of which must be irrigated, and, on account of the drought, the fall of water in the creek must be utilized, by night as well as by day.

The Indians, all along, implored those under authority to send off about fifty miles for their Rain God. It was not until repeated annoyances, and assurances that a bountiful supply of water would be forthcoming, that the superintendent, General Beals, said, "Bring on your man." The "Captain," Samuel A. Bishop, made a promise that no less than a stipend of \$500 in value, in remuneration, should be dealt out for a plentiful water fall.

It was in the middle of the month of May, 1853, on Thursday, when the Great Prophet and thirty of his tribe appeared. The news had spread abroad, which brought in several hundred natives from other points. The interpreter, Sepatario, for the Government, was requested to interview their prophet about making it rain. With firmness he replied, "Yes, that is what me come for."

Readers, just imagine a group of one thousand of all ages, gathered in around their chiefs, dressed in their several costumes, some half naked, evidently anxious to see and bring forth this not common phenomenon. According to his desire and custom, a blanket was spread out before him, and down he sat, cross-legged. Quite soon presents were cast into his lap. The general Government held on deposit at the Reserve an estimated value of \$25,000 in beads. Out of this, General Beals cast in his mite of \$500.

When the presentation of gifts was over, the prophet was again consulted about the pouring down of rain. "That is what me come to do, but me want a big feast to-night. To-morrow me show you what me can do."

On the morrow, after all had finished feasting upon a dozen Government bullocks, then this prophet called the attention of their "Captain," Bishop, to an important matter, and said, "If me bring down great rain it will destroy all your adobes," (dried bricks) "and wash down the unprotected walls for wigwams you have under way, within three weeks." Mr. Bishop answered, "We can make bricks, and restore the walls, but to raise crops for harvest we must wait a full year, so never mind our works, but shower it down."

From this time on, one hour had not passed by, before rain clouds were seen,—nothing equal to it for months—and then all seemed to scatter away, quite discouragingly, under a hot sun. The Rain God said he stood in fear of opposing elements in his surroundings and influences among the whites. But, after being assured by white men that they were all interested, and anxious for rain, that there were no opposing ones or enchanted spirits there, hovering around, that would oppose, the chief said, through the translator, Sepatario, "Me go down to your brush-wood," (on the creek) "and see what me can do. If me make thunder come, all is well."

At this news the natives all acquiesced, and expressed an unequivocal assurance that they, nothing daunted, were going to meet with success. It was not long before the whites were greatly surprised, hearing several peals of thunder, and flashes of lightning were seen over their heads, moving in the heavens. This all happened not long after the Indians made a stand among the brush, building fires. Their leader came back and said, "You can have all the water you want. All is

working right." And before sunset, the rain-fall commenced in earnest. The whole heavens seemed to open; waters came pouring down in torrents, and did not abate, only at short intervals, for many days. The mud materials and walls were destroyed. It was acknowledged by the oldest inhabitants without a parallel at this time of the year.

After a few days of fine weather, the Rain God sent his messenger to inquire of the officers about another shower. Mr. Bishop returned the compliment, "In five days." Then, surely on the fifth day came down the second series of falling water. In some copious showers it continued on until quite sufficient to mature all the crops, without further irrigation of crops or pasture for their neat stock.

About the last of June, the working Indians were all summoned to come on and secure the harvest. They put in an appearance, but did not work. Mr. Bishop came on, and with anxiety inquired, "Why here all this day idle?" The prophet replied, "Me gave them permission, and what are you going to do about it?" brandishing a long knife.

Instantly the prophet fell prostrate on the ground, which was followed by a tempest of wind, rain and hailstones, with lightning, and loud peals of thunder. These semi-savages were excited as well, and cautioned their captain to never attempt to do the like again, as their chief might attempt to strike him down with lightning, and at the same instant glance off and kill all the Indians!

These leading minds are the same persons that opened, by survey and labor, the first stage road connecting Texas with San Francisco, and remain living witnesses to this occult phenomenon of producing rain showers from the heavens:—General E. F. Beals, well settled at Washington, D. C., Hon. Sam'l A. Bishop, San Jose, and Hon. W. W. Hudson, at Fort Tifton, Cal.

In the early days of white settlement in this part of California, some gold hunters made a pitch on Kern river, situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada range, at a point known as Keeseville. The Indian Chief, or Rain God, as he was termed, held his tribe of semi-savages near, at Keeseville. A dam was put up across the river, and a flume to convey the water on to their gold beds to wash and separate the sands from the fine ores. The water had failed, the dam and flume became leaky. This was in the Summer, after the "rainy season" was over, and no expectancy of water for several months to come.

It so happened this Rain God was near, holding his tribes, and notorious for drawing water, when in need, from the clouds. Upon entering this new settlement he found its people were lying by idle, for want of water. He invited all to come over to his camp in the next town, where he was surrounded by twenty or more of his tribe, with him, who held implicit faith and confidence, through experiences in previous manifestations, in his gifts and powers over the elements of the skies.

These miners gathered in. The Rain Chief, chairman, and in council, proposed to accept 12 pairs of woolen blankets, 250 pounds of flour, 100 pounds of sugar, and \$50. in gold, as a compensation for all the water they would need to be forthcoming inside of three days! Being interviewed, "How can you do this?" he answered, "Me go up the river little way, make plenty of rain showers that will bring water and sediment to stop the leaks in your dam and flumes." He would select a favorable point on Kern river's banks, and pour big showers that would complete the job, and when he came back would call for this pay.

"All right," responded the gold diggers. "You produce water, a full supply; we will, upon the honor of white men, 'fork over' all you require of us to do."

Without any further parley, the Chief and his tribe departed the next day; and before the second day's setting sun, loud peals of thunder were heard in camp. Dark and portentous clouds commenced to gather around them, and soon rain began to pour. The stream was seen to rise full three inches before its muddy waters repaired the leakages, and the white men were at work within four days.

The contract being fulfilled, the Chief and his posse entered, and demanded their reward; but it was as promptly refused, congratulating the poor natives with the old story, "You have no power over the elements; this is all chance luck." (This happened in the midsummer of 1852 or 1853.)

These miners were advised to abide by the contract now fulfilled. "If you deny me," says the Chief, "me go up this river, and in five days me make big water come down quick and wash all your works here out clean; then you white men see what poor Indian do." This created a "horse laugh" and rough language only. The natives were obliged to leave without any compensation.

Lo, and behold! on the eve of the fifth day floods of water came teeming down this branch of the Kern river, just pouring in on the gold workers, sweeping off the dam and all before them. This broke up the company, and they left in disorder and disgrace.

This portion of the account was related to the writer by the Hon. W. W. Hudson, now a resident of Fort Tifton, Kern county, and to this day is a common household word among the living witnesses on those occasions.

Like unto other prophets before his day, this Chief died suddenly and inno-

cently—was cruelly shot down in his camp near the settlement by a band of intoxicated soldiers, who, on their return from Owens' river Indian raid,—while up there having gained no laurels for the world to brag over on their returning, fell upon this band of innocent men, women and children, nearly thirty, and took their lives as if they were some ferocious wild beasts of the forest.

Through nature's own resources showers can be produced any season of the year.

Now, in conclusion, this writer has been consulting higher authorities on the subject of producing water from the skies to irrigate the crops in dry seasons, and claims to have revealed the *modus operandi* to bring down showers of rain from the heavens; and any man or company who desire to learn, and will take an interest in this laudable work, I will give them, or publicly through the press, what has been divulged long years in the past. He feels sure of success, and as though this knowledge and property belongs not to him alone, but to the world of mankind; and being well advanced in years, must leave this secret to those who need living waters after he is gone.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 8, 1888.

A Venerable Spiritualist and Medium.

(Bro. Eben Owen, of Sacramento, is not only a venerable Spiritualist, but a good medium as well. He writes an able and pleasant letter of his experiences, from which we are pleased to copy the following.)

I am over seventy-five years old, and have long retired from active business. I have been long acted on and controlled by what claimed to be spirits who were once in a physical body, and I now believe they are what they say.

In 1852, when I came down from the mines, from two years' residence there, and went into business in Sacramento, I was one day conversing with a neighbor who mentioned what I had never heard of before about the table-tippings and rappings that were going on in the Atlantic States, said to be done by spirits. I scoffed at the idea, and told him I did not see how any sensible person could believe in such trash. "Well," said he, "it seems to be pretty well authenticated. Suppose you come up to my house with several others, and let us see if we can get table-tippings."

I did so. We got table-tippings. I got interested in the matter, but for a long time did not feel convinced that it was caused by spirits. At length I began to be acted on myself. My limbs were moved, and thrown about sometimes violently. This continued for sometime. At last, at a circle at the residence of Dr. A. B. Nixon, in which was Nelson Underwood, a clairvoyant medium, I was controlled to get up and dance what was said by the circle to be an Indian war dance. Dr. Nixon asked who it was that was controlling me. Nelson Underwood said it was Simon Girty.

"Simon Girty," said Dr. Nixon; "why he was the renegade white man who joined and fought with the Indians against his countrymen when the Indian war took place in the Western country, after Boone had made his settlement there, and he was the cause of Colonel — (who was taken prisoner by them) being burned at the stake." When this was said I was controlled to go to a table covered with books in another part of the room. My hand was put on an octavo volume, and opened the book, turned over the leaves until about the middle of it, then stopped and patted on the page. The book was taken to the circle table, and proved to be a "Western Gazetteer," and the page patted on proved the commencement of a communication from a man who said he had been investigating historical matters relating to the Western country, and he found, he said, that the commonly received report that Simon Girty caused the death of this Colonel — at the stake was entirely erroneous; that he was a school fellow when a boy with this officer, and did all he could to save his life, but the Indians had lost a good many of their warriors in the battle when they defeated this Colonel — who led the expedition against them, and they were determined to have revenge by burning him; and finally said to Simon Girty that if he did not cease to plead for him they would burn him, Simon Girty, too.

Now, I had never seen or heard of this book before, and had no knowledge of its contents, and it was evidence within myself that I could not get over, that I was controlled and used by a spirit to prove that Simon Girty was unjustly accused. Since then I have been a confirmed Spiritualist, and know that I have been and am used by many spirits, who formerly resided in a physical body, in many ways, but principally as a personating medium, using my voice and sight when in circles; but they come to me very often when alone, then I converse with them, and they tell me what they please of their life history.

The other evening an old gentleman advanced the proposition that never in the course of his long life had he seen a woman that was not charming. "Oh! really now," said a lady, whose nose was of the purest Ukrainian breed, "don't you think I'm ugly?" "Not at all, madam," replied the gallant old gentleman. "You are an angel, fresh fallen from heaven, only you fell on your nose!"

There is in this world infinitely more joy than pain to be shared, if you will only take your share when it is set for you.

Letter from Mrs. Chalmey.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We are on the wing, but will keep our promise to write from the New Era Camp, and put in some of the landscape pictures that make this Northern Pacific route one of the most fascinating we have passed over.

The camp opened Sunday, the 9th. Mr. De Johns, a fine inspirational speaker from Portland, and connected with *The New Republic*, gave an address and some recitals. Mrs. Sophie Seip, our Fellow Gnostic and sister psychometrist, was present, and gave readings; also, Mrs. Cornelius, from Portland, a medium of fine presence, and if we can judge by the constant demand upon her, one most spiritually gifted.

Mrs. Seip seemed to have blossomed into full flower under the loving hospitality of these good Portlanders. She is a most truthful and effective interpreter for the beautiful unseen, and we see great gain for her in this new move, as well as for all to whom she ministers in her travels.

There were several hundred people on the grounds Sunday, and about fifty families tenting; some were subscribers of yours.

Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Philips, and Mrs. Holland's mother, one of the mothers of Spiritualism in Oregon, all received us so kindly, and made our stay so pleasant, we shall never forget them. The phenomenal phases of medial expression were in greatest demand there, as almost everywhere, and circles were improvised under the grand old pines and in the hall. Everywhere, from morn till 10 o'clock, small groups were seen patiently sitting together, waiting for some loved one from unseen friends through media present. We often wonder how it is that there is so little real practical knowledge manifest on this subject, when all may have access to such rare stores of thought so easily.

The promiscuous seance room is no place to expect psychic power to be manifest. To have such expression, you must first free the body from dominant external influences, and then generate the sublimated ethers. Such natures must have either to express thought through, or give you tokens of their presence in the many other ways so familiar to all who have made psychic unfoldment a study, and have been willing to deny the external to secure a knowledge of real. It seems strange to see men and women of good common sense in other respects so blind and unconscious in this one. How can one, whose body is saturated with the narcotic effects of years of tobacco using, evolve the psychic forces essential to medial expression? And how can sensitives absorb it, or consent to sit in its fumes and expect healthful, natural results?

Those seeking to become psychic subjects should shun such atmospheres; as well expect sunlight to shine through smoked glass, as that the pure, living psychic forces of the unseen can permeate and illumine mind or body under such conditions.

One gentleman there told me his wife had been a medium twenty-five years, and yet had not grown one bit wiser or more luminous. When we saw the method adopted about her, we did not wonder, but rather, that she had survived it at all.

Dear sensitives everywhere, let me whisper in your ear a secret, and please promise me to tell every one you see, because all are sensitive in some way, and all have gifts to be evolved by use: Sit alone, and let the mind go out to the source of mind, your immortal self and supreme guide; put your psychic talents into the charge of this love and wisdom angel, and you will surely learn the best methods of medial unfoldment. Intuition is the faculty of all soul-natures; you can trust it, and communion with 'souls is the natural heritage of all, both here and in the soul world. Obey the inner voice and you will generate pure psychic forces that will give you boundless resources to familiarize yourself with the inner life, even as you have here in the outer, and good and wise instructors, who take two steps to meet your desires every-time you take one toward them, but who will not work with impure, unnatural aural emanations.

I have never felt greater sympathy for sensitives than I did there, when I saw all those great-hearted children of nature trying so hard every hour to become medial to their loved dead. Most of them were overworked at home, and it would take weeks of rest and communion with the psychic atmosphere of our earth to get ready for action. But, dear friends, it does seem to us that Spiritualists should know that all unnatural habits kill out all possibility of psychic power. True, some retain it long years, and do yeoman's service; but watch their career, and you will see results that few care to encounter. We have never known nature to excuse or pardon such flagrant abuses of good.

Let us thank you, dear friends, right here for the good work done of late in pulling out some of the poisonous seeds that have grown too long in our soul-garden, and the gentleness and wisdom you have manifested in doing it. Surely if angels can be gentle with us through all our rudimentary states, we can be so with these misdirected and abnormal minds. Blessed is he whom the All-good

inspires to lead in such work; he needs the regenerative influence of a living Christ.

But my scribble is growing into a volume, while we are rolling on at lightning speed beside a beautiful lake, called Pend D'Oreille (ear drop) in Idaho. It is an emerald pendant fit for a princess; pine-crowned mountains rising in great cones to the blue sky surround it, and everywhere we see the Red Man's tepee, and squaws, papposes and ponies, contoured in all the hues of the rainbow. How joyless the faces of all the burdened women! How light and bright the men, who invariably ride ponies as fleet-footed as the wind.

At early dawn we were in Idaho; at 1 o'clock in Montana, flying along the Yellowstone river, and within a few miles of our grand, natural park. Fellow travelers tell us the climate here is abominable—days hot, nights frigid; but hosts of hunters come here from all over the world; some to search for gold and silver, some for other game.

We propose remaining one month in St. Paul, and its twin sister city, Minneapolis, then on to dear old Gotham, where our home is all ready prepared for us, the *Golden Gate* headquarters. Always your friend,

ANNA KIMBALL-CHALMERY.

MONTANA, Sept. 19, 1888.

The New Era in Portland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Sunday, Oct. 7th, marks a new era in the progress of Spiritualism in this truly beautiful city. We had contemplated for many months inaugurating a series of meetings here in Portland on the broad platform of an "open field and fair fight."

Our first meeting was held at Central Hall, west side of Sixth street, between Alder and Morrison. Mrs. S. Seip was the leading speaker both morning and evening, though many others spoke as the spirit gave them utterance, and I can truly say for myself, as I believe it could be said with all, it was good to be there.

I have long felt the necessity of holding meetings where each soul could feel free to give expression to its own highest convictions of right, whether it accorded with the thoughts and ideas of others or not. I love to find a man or woman that differs with me, and I do not care how widely, if they are only willing to accord to me the same amount of candor and sincerity that they claim for themselves; for I hold that in the interchange of thought truth is evolved. How foolish it is to wrangle because we see things differently. Suppose that I, or any one, was attending a meeting in which a question was under discussion, and I was called upon to give my view concerning it, should I not give it in all candor, whether it pleased the presiding officer or not? And suppose I did not please him, should he openly insult me therefor? Certainly not.

In the new era proposed, and I may say inaugurated, our object shall be to find out the truth, let it come from whatsoever source. The building of spirituality, the growth of the soul, shall be kept constantly in the foreground. Our hall shall be the home of the medium, and the inspired ones of every shade and caste.

"Prove all things, and hold fast to the true," shall be our motto, and these other blessed words shall be our guiding star, "With charity for all, and malice toward none," let us move forward in the good work, looking constantly for that higher light that lighteth every man that comes into the world, and that is the light of the All-Father of all souls.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Oct. 8, 1888.

The Camp-Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Southern California Camp-Meeting of Spiritualists, now convened at San Bernardino, opened on Friday evening, October 12th, under fair auspices, good feeling, good interest, and good weather. We have had interesting meetings, good speaking, and fine tests.

On the first Sunday night (last night), a great many more people came than could be accommodated in Liberal Hall. Dr. J. V. Mansfield is with us, and seems to have gone right to the hearts of the people of San Bernardino. Dr. Nicklers and wife of New York city are with us. The latter is helping wonderfully in the public work, by her trance speaking and platform tests; also physical mediums, possessing remarkable powers, are likewise among our helpers.

There are also other mediums and speakers from a distance—one from San Martial, New Mexico—in our midst. We are expecting still others, and the prospects are good at this writing for a successful meeting. The Constitution of the Southern California Camp-Meeting Association, stating, among other things, that its object is to co-operate with, not to antagonize, the Northern Association, has been prepared, and is receiving many signers.

Please let us have the good wishes of all lovers of the truth, that good may be done, harmony may prevail, truth be propagated, and the cause of Spiritualism, which is the cause of humanity, be built up.

Yours for the work,

MRS. ELLA WILSON.

SAN BERNARDINO, Oct. 15, 1888.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Rather Convincing.

BY MORRIS S. LIDEN.

On the evening of November 1, 1887, I persuaded an acquaintance of mine named Victor Anderson, a Swede, in this country but a few months, to accompany me to a "dark circle," to be held at the residence of C. J. Barnes, 109 Paulina street, Chicago, Ills.

This he did, with the firm conviction that he was to witness fraud, and, of course, expose it. The circle was formed, composed of seven persons, including the medium and his sister. The usual manifestations took place, but the first spirit to manifest was a sister of our skeptic, and it so unnerved him that he became helpless, and of course threw a like condition over his sister; so no result beyond her name was obtained, except that my exposure became an exposure!

The next evening I succeeded in getting him to accompany me to the seance held by Mrs. Jennie Moore, 757 Warren avenue, same city. There were about eighteen persons in the circle, and several prominent mediums. During the evening there materialized to each sitter a spirit, and your humble servant was visited by two.

Now, with the exception of one, these might have been "masks," "transfigurations," or "impersonations," or downright frauds. I cannot judge for others, and not at all times for myself, but I can correct any error that I have ever made, or any impression caused by me, by stating my error and the cause, when I myself discern it.

For example, there came to me a friend that evening, that not only looked like his former self, but proved by his communication his identity. That satisfied me, and I was not sitting by proxy, so I could not complain. But the test of the evening was the sister of my Swedish friend. She came, made up well, and spoke better—yes, and in as good Swedish as it has ever been my good fortune to hear.

Her brother got another fit of "can't talk," so I carried on the conversation with her in her own language; and her knowledge of facts connected with her brother's life on both sides of the ocean was very satisfying to him, and seemed to be her.

This girl had passed out of the body in Stockholm, Sweden, eight years before, at the age of eleven, and her brother said her make-up in the cabinet coincided with her former appearance in earth-life. She told him, among other things, not to leave Chicago, as contemplated. The next day he secured employment from an unexpected source.

She also gave him other advice, which, if heeded, would have saved him a knife thrust in the shoulder, and the discomfort, if not disgrace, of a night in the police station.

Let us sum this up. This young man, a foreigner, but a short time in this country; his sister, aged eleven, passed away eight years ago across the ocean, comes in two different places, and identifies herself, and in the last carries on a conversation in Swedish, for almost, if not quite, fifteen minutes, and the medium is, I have every reason to believe, either Irish, or Irish descent. Now here comes the question, "Was it the astral form, a materialized body, or a fraud?" Then comes the question, "Is the medium a linguist, or has she a linguist in her employ to mystify her Swedish clientage?" Or perhaps she has gone to the trouble and expense of studying the language to carry on her schemes. If she has, she has the advantage of me. I was born in Sweden, lived there until almost seven years of age, and have been and am to-day complimented on my command of that peculiar and difficult language! And still this purported spirit spoke it better than I.

This is to me a good test of the fact that spirits can, with proper conditions, re-inhabit a body through the process called materialization. These truths I advocate and will hold fast to until undeceived. I firmly believe it is my mission to preach these truths to humanity, in spite of ignorance, carelessness, and bigotry.

And furthermore, I only wish that the outside world would hold us a little more in contempt, would prosecute and persecute us until Spiritualists would have stamina enough to stand right out and have the cause recognized; that they would demand a true, moral, and upright life of everyone that aspires to the name of Spiritualist, whether medium or no!

To support—much less recognize—those who have nothing beyond a smooth, plausible tongue, or physical phenomena alone, and no ethical results from it, is wrong, and the sooner that fact is known, and lived up to, the sooner we will be recognized, and the more good we can do.

AN APPEAL.

It has been thought best by the Board of Directors of the California Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association to try and remove its indebtedness by subscription, and if those who are able to contribute will do so, the burden will be light. To this end a number of subscription papers have been prepared, which will be circulated and sent to different parts of the State. Subscriptions will be received at the office of the GOLDEN GATE, names and amounts placed upon the list, and forwarded to the Financial Secretary.

The Association has property about equal to its liabilities. A portion of these, at least, it is very desirable to keep for future use, and could only be disposed of at a sacrifice that would not

be prudent to make. The indebtedness is about one thousand dollars. It is to be hoped that as this is the only appeal that has been made publicly on behalf of the Association, that it will be readily responded to.

Any information desired in addition to what has been already published, will be promptly given by addressing the Corresponding Secretary, Geo. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, C. E. Elliott, Financial Sec'y, 462 Ninth street, Oakland.

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assembly, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperament, as positive and negative; of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. The best number is eight. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favorable for spiritual magnetism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle after the seance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or impressions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatical. A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the motions of the spirit within us, and should always be followed out, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offense shall be taken by following impressions. If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their places.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the spirit circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalize this power as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rapping, and other forms of test mediumship, the intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.—Emma Hardinge-Britten.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP would always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from something or other cause. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Work in San Diego.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Please give space in your paper for a few lines regarding the First Spiritual Society of San Diego. Notwithstanding all the attempts of outside influences, both in the form and out, we were never in a more prosperous condition than at present. We are gaining in numbers constantly. We, as a society, present our philosophy in as pleasant, intelligent, and reasonable a manner as possible, believing that those who belong to us will come to us. We aim to get the best speakers—those whose lives are clean and an honor to the cause—and if they are not appreciated by the materialistic few, the loss is theirs, not ours.

We have closed a two months' engagement with Miss Susie Johnson as speaker. All who heard her liked her. She is a clear reasoner, and possessed of that much needed commodity, common sense, and is less cranky than any medium I have met in many a day. We cheerfully recommend her to all intelligent societies, as a good, logical, attractive speaker. She has made many warm friends here, who will welcome her back at any time.

The cause here is under a cloud just now, owing to the materializing embroglio, but as "truth ever comes uppermost," we shall again see the "silver lining" of this cloud.

Mr. Colville has promised to be with us again November 11th, when we expect another grand intellectual feast, such as his guides know how to give. H. C. B. SAN DIEGO, October 17, 1888.

A correspondent asks: "When will sensational Spiritualism play out?" We don't know; but we suppose it will cease when selfish people become less selfish and more spiritual. The true is unquestionably being sifted from the false, and in good time it is to be hoped all will go well.—*Lantern of Light.*

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Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and address of liberal persons to whom he may, from time to time, mail announcements or circulars containing desirable information.

nov10-5m*

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aug25-tf

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1888.

THE TRYING HOUR.

Never before has there been such an onslaught made upon Modern Spiritualism, by the Church and the world, as now, and never before was the need for help for the Cause—its struggling public workers and journals—so great as now.

Some of our oldest and best mediums have been induced to betray their sacred trusts; fraud and deception have been proven to abound where we least expected it; the hearts of many Spiritualists are growing faint under the pressure, and their relaxing efforts in defense of our holy Cause are sorely felt by those who are called to bear the brunt of the battle.

We appeal to you, lovers of the truth—to you who have been blessed with means—to come up to the help of the angel world, and your overburdened workers in this behalf. They are passing through furnace fires; they cannot "tread the wine press alone." Would you see them maintained, you must rally around them, and bear them up in your strong arms. Promises of future help will not do. Your standard bearers will go down in the crash of unfriendly elements, and the enemies of Spiritualism will gloat in triumph over you and them, unless you rally to their rescue.

Is your faith so weak, or your knowledge of spiritual facts so imperfect, that you are unwilling to make sacrifices for the truth? Can you look on and witness with indifference the defenders of the old faiths and exploded theologies, that have, for centuries, darkened the world and held in thrall the souls of men, exult over the humiliation of Spiritualism?

No, no! It cannot be! Surely not, if Spiritualists who are yet strong in the faith, realize, as they should, the perils that surround their Cause.

NEW NAMES, BUT OLD TRUTHS.

The world is, indeed, "full of facts," but mainly undiscovered and unrevealed. The world's people discern a great deal more to-day than they can express or understand; but channels are being opened every day, on all sides and from all quarters, through which light and truth are pouring in.

The new sciences, new isms, new theories, new philosophies, and new religions are new only in name; they embody the teachings and ideas of ancient minds, but come with a new light and power, after being perfected through many ages in the spiritual spheres of being. The spirit world seems to have opened its vast storehouse of knowledge for the benefit of those dwelling on the earth in this most glorious Nineteenth Century.

To each thoughtful, eager mind comes some portion, and to each one who receives comes the irresistible impulse, that is like a command, to speak, and let his thoughts be known. There is at present great confusion and diversity of opinion and ideas, regarding one and the same thing—which is one grand theme—man himself; his origin, mission, and duties in this life, and his destiny when disembodied.

The second is the most important, because it is the high prize of life, the crowning fortune of man, to find his proper place in the great vineyard of earth, wherein all should and will labor for the general good, when rightly placed. Some are most happy in preparing the soil, others in setting the vines, and others in pruning and cultivating them, and still others find most joy in gathering in the harvest. There are still others, who come in from time to time with new varieties and new methods of cultivation.

This is good, and makes our progress sure; so we must be grateful for all new comers with improvements. Innovation never did any harm yet, and it may safely be trusted to the end.

SUMMERLAND.—The plan of the new city of Summerland is now in the hands of the engraver, and we hope to have the same ready for our next issue. The proprietor informs us that at least two hundred lots will be taken by Spiritualists and others of Santa Barbara, within one week after the property is placed upon the market. Many of these lots will be built upon and improved at an early future day, thereby greatly enhancing the value of the entire property. There can scarcely remain a doubt of the success of the enterprise. Eastern visitors, seeking for a delightful winter climate, could not do better than to purchase and improve these lots. At the low price—twenty-five dollars—at which they are placed, surely no risk is taken in buying them.

—A Bangor, Me., subscriber, writing to renew his subscription for another year, says: "I deem 'the GOLDEN GATE' to be of invaluable merit 'to all who will read it with due care.'"

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

No Spiritualist, who loves the truth, or respects himself, will seek to cover up or condone dishonesty of any kind, much less in those manifestations upon the integrity of which alone depends the value of our philosophy. Genuine mediumship is something far too sacred to be trifled with.

As night shuts out the light of day, and covers earth with a pall of gloom, so unkind thoughts shut out the light and love of the Infinite Spirit, that would otherwise stream into the soul, filling it with a radiance and glory all divine. If we would live in the warmth and glow of spiritual truth, we should seek patiently for the path, and walk steadily and truthfully therein.

"Excelsior!" should be the motto of every Spiritualist. No one should be content to sit down in quiet satisfaction with sensuous phenomena. All should seek for the mountain height of spiritual unfoldment and delight; they should ascend the ladder reached down to them from the angel world, resolved to become one with the Divine Spirit—fit companions for the highest and best in God's beautiful realm of individualized spirit intelligences.

Love is the panacea for all ills. It will heal all sorrow, cure all strife, bind up all broken hearts, solve all problems of social or civil discord, and lead the race up out of the wilderness of error and inharmonious, and out into the promised land flowing with the milk and honey of peace and plenty. To bring the entire race under the dominion of love, it is only necessary for each individual to place himself in harmony with the higher law of his own spirit.

When the clouds and rubbish shall be swept away from our beautiful Spiritualism, the light of its glorious truth will shine forth brighter than ever. Spiritualists have no one but themselves to blame for the prominence that has been given to the delusions and falsities that have been practiced in the name of Spiritualism by some persons possessing but very little, if any, real mediumship. No honest mediums, of whom there are many, need fear the most thorough investigation.

What is there more beautiful in all God's universe than a beautiful soul—a gentle, loving nature, bubbling over with kind thoughts for all humanity, and ever finding expression in generous deeds. We have known and still know many such. Some have passed on to realms of light and love, and are now of the shining ones; and some, with their brows encircled with a halo of glory, are waiting trustingly on the shores of time—golden grain ripe for the reaper's sickle. We met several such in our recent visit to the Southland.

Lift up your heads, ye, who, in the honesty of your own natures, have trusted implicitly in the honesty of those who have deceived you, and have trifled with the holiest impulses of your souls. Your dear ones live and love you all the same, and will yet come to you, as in many instances they have doubtless already done. For their sake, for your own sake, for the sake of our beautiful Spiritualism, let us live henceforth in truth, and place confidence in those mediums for physical phenomena only who will submit themselves to, and insist upon reasonable test conditions.

There is a satisfaction that comes to the soul with the knowledge that life is continuous beyond the grave, and that there are none lost in an orthodox sense of everlasting punishment,—a satisfaction far beyond aught that words can express. It takes out of the heart the rankling feeling that the plan of the universe is a stupendous wrong, and fills it to the brim with reverence for the Creator. It reconciles one to life and duty, and strews the most rugged pathway with flowers. Let us be glad and rejoice that there is love enough in the heart of God to save all His children.

While we would not pretend to say that our methods of investigating physical mediumship are any better than those of any other investigators, or that we are any better qualified than others to determine the truth in such matters, yet we do say that we are better satisfied with the results of our own investigations than with the results of the investigations of others. This is entirely natural. In these matters every individual must know the truth for himself. Hence, the reasonableness of our request that mediums for physical phenomena demonstrate their gifts to us before claiming the indorsement of this journal.

Let any physical medium who thinks himself or herself aggrieved at the attitude of this journal in behalf of honest mediumship, demonstrate their gifts to us, under reasonable test conditions, and we shall not be slow in proclaiming their

genuineness to the world. Those who denounce this journal for its course in this respect, and at the same time refuse to submit to our reasonable request, may go their ways,—we have no use for them. We know spirit materialization, independent slate-writing, table-tipping, the electrical concussion known as spirit-rapping, automatic writing, and other physical phases of spirit phenomena, to be glorious natural facts, and are always glad to demonstrate the truth of the claims of mediumship for these phases.

ALAS, POOR MARGARET!

A New York dispatch of October 21st, to the Associated Press, reads as follows:

"Mrs. Margaret Fox Kan, one of the famous 'Fox sisters, who were the originators of the so-called spirit rappings, exposed Spiritualism before a large audience at the Academy of Music to-night. She showed that spirit rappings were produced by working of the big toe-joint, which made a cracking sound, and explained 'how she and her sister fooled everybody into believing that they were mediums. She produced a number of raps which were plainly audible. She thanked God that she had lived 'to be able to expose Spiritualism.'"

Thus, after forty years of confessed deception, this poor, unfortunate woman thanks God that she has "lived to be able to expose Spiritualism!" Of course, no Spiritualist, who has ever investigated the spirit rap, will place the least reliance on her alleged expose.

It is well known that for many years poor Margaret Fox has been a victim of alcoholism. Her mania for strong drink has so completely broken down her moral nature, that we are not at all surprised at the position she has taken—a position, we have not the least doubt, that has been forced upon her by influences unfriendly to Spiritualism, in or out of the body, and perhaps both.

Time and time again, during the last forty years, has the "toe-joint" explanation of the raps, heard in presence of Margaret Fox, and thousands of other mediums, been exploded; and that, too, by the most crucial scientific tests. While it is possible that raps may be produced by snapping the toe-joints, yet they bear no more comparison with the genuine spirit rap than darkness does to daylight.

It is well understood that for nearly a third of a century Margaret Fox has been a member of the Catholic Church—a church that, while teaching the doctrine of "communion of saints," is nevertheless the deadly foe of Modern Spiritualism. It claims a monopoly in spiritual gifts, and is unwilling to share it with the outer world. It is probably this Jesuitical influence, acting upon a nature thoroughly demoralized by strong drink, that has prompted this poor, weak woman to betray her sacred trust of spiritual gifts, and give herself to the world as a monster of moral obloquy, extending throughout the long period of forty years.

We have only words of pity for poor Margaret Fox. We know, from personal experience with her mediumship, early in her development, that her "toe-joint" explanation of the raps heard in her presence is not a true explanation thereof.

Mrs. Underhill, the married sister of the "Fox Girls," the only one of the three who has led an orderly life, is still true to herself and her divine gifts. Three years ago she published a book entitled, "The Missing Link in Spiritualism," in which she tells the story of her experiences, and of the Fox family, introducing many remarkable instances of spirit manifestation, and giving the names of witnesses. Who would not prefer to believe the statements of Mrs. Underhill, a sober, truthful woman, to those of her unfortunate, demoralized sister?

RECIPE FOR GROWTH.

"Would you have your Grange prosper? Then talk about it. Write about it. Speak well of it. Attend regularly its meetings. If you can't think of anything good to say, don't say anything. Read, think and study to have a valuable fact or thought to contribute to its meetings. Carry sunshine into it, and ever give it your best thought."—*Patron.*

The above is a good and correct recipe for the growth of any society, organization, or philosophy that deserves perpetuation. And just at present it would be especially good for our philosophy, when all its followers are showing their true character, and casting so much doubt in the minds of investigators, and not a little discouragement here and there among the faithful in the ranks. Not that any one fears for a moment that the great truth it embodies can be injured; but that it may be obscured by the vast amount of foul debris accumulating on its surface.

The power of its full light is now needed more than ever, and it stands those in hand who know whereof they speak, to speak most earnestly and well, and not begin to suspect their own senses in these matters that have been made plain and clear, independent of all mediums, save those belonging to their own household. The sifting now going on is something that Spiritualism has long needed, that the truth of it might in the end stand forth, undimmed by pretenders, who adopt its name of Spiritualist only for mercenary purposes. The exposure of such persons is distracting, but not destructive to anything but the business it involves. The "Cause" is not injured in the least, nor the passage between the two spheres of life at all impeded. And surely the inspirational atmosphere encircling our earth will be purified and exalted.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Interesting letters from J. W. Fletcher and Addie L. Ballou will appear in our next.

—Go and hear John Brown, Jr., "Medium of the Rockies," Friday evening, at Metaphysical Hall, 106 McAllister street. Free to all.

—Mrs. S. A. Harris will lecture at Pioneer Hall, in Stockton, on Sunday evening, October 28th. Subject: "Origin of Crime and Its Cure."

—Mrs. Eugenia Beste is at present in Philadelphia, where she will remain for a short time only, and thence visit her daughter in Washington.

—Mrs. J. W. Fletcher has become a regular M. D., having passed in the Vermont State College. She is still studying in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Boston.

—"The Freedom of Faith," by J. W. Mackie, and "A Theosophical Consideration of the Query—'Whence, What, Whither?'" by Allen Griffiths, F. T. S., will appear in our next.

—Mrs. Seip, who is doing good work in Portland, Oregon, informs us that she is about to form another class in spiritual science in that city, and will remain there for another month at least.

—In renewing his own subscription for another year, and also sending the name of a new subscriber, a venerable Spiritualist residing at Colusa writes: "I can't possibly do without your 'paper; I read the entire contents, except the 'advertisements, and sometimes all of those.'"

—At 2:30 P. M., Sunday, October 27th, at Metaphysical College, at 106 McAllister street, Mr. J. Gore will speak on the "Science of Health and Healing," in the absence of Mrs. Wilson, who is obliged to be out of the city. Also in the evening Mr. Gore will lecture. Subject: "Psychometry."

—Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan will give tests from the platform at Washington Hall, to-morrow (Sunday) evening. This lady is one of our best test mediums, and we hope she may have a full house. Mr. A. Swift will deliver a short opening address. An admission of 10 cents will be charged to defray expenses.

—The editors of the GOLDEN GATE had an interesting seance with the boy medium, Harry White, at their residence, on Tuesday evening last. Harry is a bright, healthy boy of fourteen, who certainly possesses remarkable mediumistic powers, similar to those witnessed in presence of Lulu Hurst; he also possesses other phases of mediumship, of a high order, writing automatically by spirit power, and giving tests of spirit identity. He appears to be in the hands of wise and loving spirit guides, who are zealously watching his development. We predict for him a career of great usefulness in the future.

ACQUITTED.—The Justice's Court of San Diego, before which Mrs. Elsie Reynolds was arraigned for fraud—in obtaining money for an alleged exhibition of materialized spirits, at a certain seance given recently in that city—has acquitted the defendant, on the ground that she did not claim to produce materialized spirit forms—that in announcing the seance she did not even use the word "materialization." The case occupied the attention of the court for more than a week, awakening much interest in the community. A Mr. R. L. Boaz testified that at the seance upon which the suit was based, and which resulted in an expose, he, being in the confidence of the medium—a spy in the camp of the enemy—received from Mrs. Reynolds, when the light was turned on, a package of spirit paraphernalia, with the injunction, "For God's sake don't let anyone see it." The court, in passing judgment on the case, said: "While the Court is individually and personally satisfied that the so-called 'seance was one of the flimsiest frauds ever perpetrated on a good-natured public, still there is 'a doubt, from the evidence, as to misrepresentation, and the Court is inclined to give the 'defendants the benefit of that doubt.'"

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Miss C. E. Donner, one of the ablest of our Eastern inspirational speakers and writers, arrived in this city on Wednesday morning last, but under circumstances of a very discouraging character. At Port Costa an accident occurred to the train, whereby the cars were driven violently into each other, hurling Miss Donner to the floor. She struck her face upon some hard object, bruising it badly, and rendering her unconscious. She also received serious internal injuries which may confine her to her bed for many days. The railroad officials did everything in their power to alleviate her sufferings. Being unable to walk, they carried her tenderly ashore at the Oakland ferry, upon a litter, and took her to the Pleasanton, where good accommodations were provided for her and companion, Mrs. Denio, and a physician sent for. As Miss Donner is a stranger in this city, we trust some of the "good Samaritans" among our lady readers will call upon her and cheer her in her misfortune.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.—This remarkable platform test medium gave another of her public seances at Odd Fellows' Hall, last Sunday evening, a large audience, as usual, being present. The tests were clear and concise, with no ambiguity or uncertainty. They went straight to the mark, and were invariably recognized by those for whom they were intended. There is no other public medium before the world to-day, whose work is better appreciated, or who is accomplishing more good, in attracting thoughtful attention to our facts. She never offends with disagreeable tests, or hurts the feelings of any of her auditors. She gives another public seance at the same place on Sunday evening next.

—Bro. M. Larkin, of 31 N. Fort street, Los Angeles, a clear-headed teacher of Spiritual Science, and the higher phases of Spiritualism, is open for engagements for lectures or classes. Bro. Larkin is one of the favored few who are not obliged to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow; hence, his services may be secured for a very moderate sum.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

FIRST QUESTION.—MRS. HARRIS:—Am I to understand your answer in the GOLDEN GATE of Oct. 20th, that involution always pertains to the spirit's progress or unfoldment, while evolution refers to progress made in the spirit form or body, thus in spirit parlance expunging the terms esoteric, psychologic, psychic and theosophic, by using the terms involution and evolution?

SANTA CRUZ.

ANSWER.—I made reference particularly to "evolution" as understood by our scientists. This form we, the real I or ego, are wearing, and through which we are relating ourselves to the realm material. I understand we relate ourselves to the realms material, astral, and spiritual through forms made up of atoms, which in their nature correspond to the realm where, for the time being, our consciousness is focused.

By "involution" I mean that back of the senses we know as sight, hearing and feeling, there were the spiritual sight, hearing and feeling, which built the outward material form with the organs which relate the individual consciousness to this realm. If I am correct in my conclusion, it would seem that involution and evolution are equally necessary for the unfolding powers of the soul; that individually we have unfolded all the senses on the spiritual plane; that they were to us states of consciousness on that plane; that by their involution they have made possible this form. In no other way could we know this material realm, save by consciousness of it through a form related to it in every way. Thus it would seem as though the words esoteric, psychologic, psychic and theosophic are particular terms which, in their various relations to the growth of spiritual consciousness, are included in its development from an unconscious factor to a conscious factor in the universal. Out of these many forms the soul has taken on and off (as it had the need). There have been, and will continue to be evolved, ultimate soul atoms or substance which will finally make our divine or incorruptible body, thus making us distinct without separating us from the universal.

To me the fact that spirit lies back of and makes possible form seems so clear that the word evolution pre-supposes involution, while, when I say "evolution of spiritual consciousness," I mean, or rather include, everything which has been required to evolve from a center of Divine Energy a God.

QUESTION SECOND.—Mrs. Harris:—Inclosed please find a manifesto, which has been circulated by one Dowie. Is it asking too much of you if I request a word in "Our Question Department," in regard to this infamous document?

SAN FRANCISCO.

ANSWER.—Yes! I will deal with this specimen circular from a Christian healer, but not with the healer himself. Let his own Christian brethren do that. You know the command to "dwell together in unity." They are doing their work in their own way. We who have worked against the tide of public prejudice, can well afford to be magnanimous, for we know that we have set to rolling the ball which will in time force those "who believe, to carry the signs."

Thursday, October 25th, Mr. Dowie will speak on "Spiritualism unmasked, and Christian Science Exposed; or, Divine Healing Opposed to Diabolical Counterfeits." Well, friends, this is only "another county heard from;" this time from "Melbourne, Australia." Funny, isn't it, how these people are migrating from the uttermost parts of the earth, to enlighten us on these subjects of Spiritualism and mental healing?

Never mind, they always go back much wiser than they come. We will try to show them the true California hospitality, at the same time overlooking their pitiful ignorance. This bright new Italy, this sunny land of brave hearts and beautiful flowers, has room for all. Why not let them have a chance to grow out of their narrow grooves, into the broader charity of the Master, who said, "They who are not against us are for us."

Mental healing, Christian Science, healing, spiritual healing, all mean one principle—the "Divine Law of Cure" through the law of love and the power of thought in its relation to the All Good. This law will still be in force after the great apostle of charity returns to Australia, just as surely as spirit communion will be a fact after the Fox Girls' toes have lost all power to wiggle. Life is too short, and time too precious, to waste it on such foolishness.

Spiritualism is fast "unmasking itself," purging itself of its accumulation of falsities. Do not let us forget the virtue of charity, in this unmasking process. No person who can overcome human suffering with thoughts and words of love, can be a "diabolical counterfeit," and cannot be cut off from the divine healing, even by the man from Australia.

Go on with your good work, healers! Open up into higher consciousness, Spiritualists, where, related to the true, the good, and the beautiful, we may come into the realization of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Aum.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.

BERKELEY, Cal.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As I know my friends in California are always glad to receive a few items from the East, I again take up my pen to chronicle briefly some few events of interest, and to venture an opinion concerning matters in which we are mutually interested, as they appear from the standpoint of the "Hub."

I think when last I wrote you I enclosed an excerpt from a Cleveland paper giving a sketch of the subject of one of my lectures in that city, and then abruptly ended, as my letter had almost exceeded reasonable limits. To resume the thread of my narrative, then, at the point where I left off, I must begin this letter with a mention of Pittsburg, Pa., where I addressed two excellent audiences in the hall usually occupied by the Spiritualist society, and under their auspices. At that place I had the pleasure of meeting one of the most talented ladies at present on the rostrum; I allude to Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings, who, as an inspired lecturer, elocutionist and psychometrist, has few equals and no superiors. I have known her for several years, both in her public and private capacity, and can truly say, no nobler woman walks the earth,—at all events, I have met with none.

At the expiration of my Pittsburg engagement, I was most cordially invited to New York to visit Dr. and Mrs. Densmore, at their charming home, 58 W. Fifty-fifth street. They had invited a company of friends to meet in their spacious parlors, on Saturday evening, October 6th. What was my annoyance, owing to a limited vestibule train, which I was assured was invariably punctual, being three hours behind time, at having to disappoint my friends, and take the midnight train for Boston, without the opportunity of even paying them a call. Dr. Densmore and his estimable and talented wife, are particularly interested in dietary reform. Their theory is, that if people will live hygienically (and the hygienic life necessitates total abstinence from meat, and many other things), they never need be sick. Mrs. Helen Densmore, who is a gifted authoress, has recently brought out a most interesting pamphlet on Mind Cure, from a physiological standpoint, in which she takes such moderate ground, and takes it so kindly, that no one ought to be other than grateful to her for her instructive record of her experience, no matter whether they can indorse all her views or not. I for one can indorse most of them, and shall never forget that on my first introduction to Spiritualism, fourteen years ago (1874), I was peculiarly struck with the decidedly vegetarian tendencies of many of the Spiritualists I encountered, and though I have sometimes eaten meat since that time, I have always adhered to my conviction formed then in my childhood, that a diet of fruits and cereals, with a judicious admixture of vegetables, milk, eggs, and plenty of good bread made from entire wheat flour, is far preferable to the mixed diet of artificialization.

Speaking of kindly criticism of the views of people who do not altogether agree with us, allow me in your columns to tender public recognition of the good feeling expressed toward myself personally, as well as toward many others, whose views in some respects, differ from her own, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, in her admirably conducted paper, *The Two Worlds*, published weekly, in England, at the amazingly low price of 1d (2 cents) per copy. If other opponents of the theory of re-incarnation on both sides of the Atlantic, displayed the kindness and courtesy which characterizes the writings of this most accomplished lady, the personal jars and acrimonious feelings engendered by literary incendiaries could never disturb the public peace. Mrs. Britten has taught all controversialists a much needed lesson. She has performed successfully the truly herculean feat of forcibly antagonizing what she believes to be a false theory, mentioning the names of those who differ from her, in a manner to arouse their kindest sentiments and increase the heartfelt respect they have long entertained for a woman whose honored name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken.

Reaching Boston early on Sunday morning, October 7, I found everything, practically, the same as I left it, fifteen months before. The city has increased considerably in size and beauty, but few old landmarks have been removed. The weather has certainly not been very auspicious, still I have been greeted with excellent audiences. I sent you the very good report of the lecture I was led to deliver in Berkeley Hall, at 3 P. M., which appeared in the *Globe* the following morning, October 8th. On Sunday, October 14th, the audience was still larger, and the same was the case at Chelsea in the evening. Chelsea is to Boston something like Oakland or Alameda is to San Francisco, although it is possible to reach it on dry ground without crossing the ferry. The ferry boats do not remind one of California,—they are very far inferior to the sumptuous floating palaces which cross the San Francisco Bay.

During the weeks, I have been conducting two classes in Spiritual Science, one taking place at 2:30, the other at 7:30 P. M., on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The attendance in the afternoon

averages ninety, and about the same in the evening; so you will see there is a fair interest, but nothing extraordinary.

On Tuesdays, I have lectures at the same hours in the Metaphysical Home, 54 Prospect street, Hartford, Conn., where the attendance has been at least equal to that in Boston. Under the able supervision of Mr. C. B. Patterson, a most successful mental healer, the institution is a decided success. It is a very large house—almost as large as a good-sized hotel. It is very nicely furnished. The appointments are in every respect excellent, and a great, good work is being done. Mr. Patterson's business partner, Mr. Sheldon, keeps a large stock of progressive literature for sale, and I am happy to say the spirit of the work is broad and unsectarian in the truest sense. Hartford is a delightful city, and the Metaphysical Home a charming, restful place, the atmosphere of which is highly conducive to mental and spiritual growth and literary employment.

I read Dr. Albert Morton's article in *GOLDEN GATE* of October 6th with great interest. Many of his criticisms are no doubt well merited; at the same time, I think he is a little too severe on some people, who can't see eye to eye with him on Spiritualism. I tell everyone I am a Spiritualist and a medium, and have been from childhood. I do not know of anything higher or better than pure Spiritualism, and can assure Dr. Morton and all others that the closing portion of his article is an eloquent and forcible expression of the identical views I am inspired to promulgate whenever occasion offers. With people who disown their mediumship, I am often compelled to take issue; at the same time I know of many people who have never been Spiritualists, and who are quite unconscious of possessing mediumistic powers, to whom spiritual truth has come as a most welcome deliverance from suffering and sorrow, under another name than that of Spiritualism. Mrs. Morton is, in my opinion, one of the very best mental healers I have ever met, and her avowed mediumship is an honor to her in all respects.

Mrs. Ada Foye is now in Boston, and is being received warmly, as she deserves. Halls are invariably crowded whenever she appears. Mr. and Mrs. Lillie are filling an engagement with the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, which meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday, at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M., very acceptably. The great building at the Back Bay, known as the First Spiritual Temple, is going on just as it always does. Mrs. Lake lectures on Sunday afternoons; a Lyceum meets on Sunday mornings; and a weekly meeting is held on Wednesday evenings. There are also private seances given in the building. Perhaps some day it may be utilized more fully, and its spacious auditorium and splendid organ be placed more frequently at the disposal of the public.

Mr. H. W. Smith, of the celebrated Smith Organ Company, has recently published the finest selection of spiritual poetry I have ever seen, together with some very sweet melodies of his own and his daughter's composition. Mr. Luther Colby, the veteran editor of the *Banner of Light*, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday on Thursday, Oct. 11th. He looks hale and hearty as ever, and is as earnest and able a worker as in his youthful days. He is certainly a wonderful man—one whom it would be very difficult to replace were he removed from the scene of his present activity; but indications happily are that he will continue at his post for some time yet to come. His editorial policy displays the deepest insight into the real needs of the spiritual movement.

Mr. Isaac B. Rich, the business manager of the *Banner of Light* establishment, is also the proprietor of the Hollis Street Theatre, the prettiest and most *recherché* of all the theatres in the city. Under its excellent management it is an unqualified success. Strange to say, it is the perpetuation of Thomas Starr King's venerable church, the congregation of which has almost entirely migrated to the new and fashionable Back Bay district, in which locality it is united with the society which has for many years enjoyed the ministrations of Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

The loss of Rev. James Freeman Clarke is very deeply felt, not only in the Church of the Disciples, and among Unitarians generally, but in the whole community, Dr. Clarke being always a distinguished leader in every phase of reformatory and philanthropic effort.

The weather has been very changeable, but not unpleasantly cold. A few flakes of snow have fallen, but there has been scarcely any frost as yet, and the autumn grandeur of the trees in the suburbs is positively superb. We are now entering upon the brief but beautiful Indian summer which often blesses Massachusetts with some lovely weather in November.

I expect to remain in Boston over Sunday, Nov. 4th, which will be the tenth anniversary of my first appearance on any platform in America.

Having received a pressing invitation to visit Denver on my way West, I expect to speak there Sunday, Nov. 11th, and in San Diego Nov. 18th. Having been positively importuned by many faithful friends to return to San Francisco, I am looking forward with much pleasure to seeing you all again a few short weeks. How time flies!

I suppose "Spiritual Therapeutics" is now thoroughly in the California book market, as well as in the hands of the subscribers. It is having almost a phenom-

enal sale in the East; I can scarcely supply orders quickly enough. [Our supply has not yet arrived.—Ed. G. G.]

After the first edition of five thousand copies is sold, if it continues to sell, the profits will be considerable; but so far, owing to the immense cost of production, it has brought me in nothing. I now own the electroplates, and intend bringing out an edition in California, if the demand warrants it.

With best wishes to yourselves and all who read these lines, trusting the *GOLDEN GATE* has largely added to its subscription list since moving to its new and pleasant home, believe me, as ever,

Your sincere friend and co-worker,
W. J. COLVILLE.
27 Hollis street, Boston, Oct. 19, 1888.

A Search for Truth.

At Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, on Saturday evening, Oct. 27th, at 8 o'clock. All friends interested in a search for truth are invited to attend. The purpose of this meeting is to learn of the inner or intuitive qualities and cultivate the soul powers of each individual. There will be no by-laws. Each member is to be a law—a law within himself—extending the same rights to others that they claimed for themselves. The "Golden Rule" is to be our motto, and "Truth Seekers" the name of the society. A small fee only will be exacted from each one joining with which to defray the expense of gas and fuel during the winter season. Come one and all, and let us reason together, and learn all we can of our own souls, and the manifestation of the individual mind. "Know thyself" should be our work in this age of progress and reform. The "Truth Seekers" may become a pleasant and profitable brotherhood if all come to together in unity and love, and our good brother, Mr. Colville, may find the thought expressed which he desired so earnestly, and did not find a place at that time for his broad platform of universal spirit or "Truth Seekers." Now the seed time may come and bear abundant harvest. Members of the Research Society, formerly called Theosophical, are respectfully invited to attend by invitation of Mrs. Josephine Wilson.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists' Association of Oakland, at Fraternity Hall, Seventh and Peralta streets, is evidently increasing in usefulness, as their meetings prove. Last Sunday evening the attendance was very large, and the audience appeared to be well pleased with the exercises, although somewhat disappointed at the non-appearance of Mr. Colby, who was expected there, but was unable, through sickness, to keep the appointment. Mrs. Cowell, of Oakland, gave the opening invocation, after which Judge Swift, of your city, entertained the audience with a short speech on different subjects. Afterwards Mrs. Ladd-Finnegan occupied the platform in giving tests, a number of which were recognized. Next Sunday evening, the members will give their monthly social for the benefit of the Association, assisted by home talent. We invite all friends to come and visit us, and investigate for themselves. Wishing you success in your efforts to spread the truth, I remain,

Yours Fraternally,
Mrs. DAVIS, Sec'y.
OAKLAND, October 23, 1888.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BLUEBERRY.

The Blueberry is a valuable fruit and is a reliable fruit to grow in our northern States where the more tender varieties of fruits winter kill. It is perfectly hardy, having stood 40 degrees below zero without showing any injury to the most tender buds. It ripens in this latitude about the 1st of July, and is borne in clusters like currants; shape, round; color, reddish purple at first, but becomes a bluish black when fully ripened. The flavor is equal to the raspberry, a very mild, rich sub-acid, pronounced by most people delicious. It may be served with sugar and cream or cooked sauce, and is splendid canned for winter use. The plant seems to flourish in all soils and is a prolific bearer. It grows very stocky and makes a nice hedge. The shining dark green leaves and the blue fruit making a pleasing contrast. The demand for the fruit is great, and usually brings 15 cents per quart. They commence bearing the first year after setting out, and yield a full crop the second and third year after setting out. They are propagated from suckers and root cuttings. The plant is about the height and size of the currant bush and very stocky, holding the fruit well up from the ground. Plants should be set in the Fall—October and November—in rows two or three feet apart and five or six feet between the rows, making a perfect hedge, and no grass or weeds should be allowed to grow between rows.

PRICE LIST:

1 Dozen Plants by mail, 60 cents. 2 Dozen Plants by mail, \$1.00. 100 Plants by express, \$2.50. 1,000 Plants by express or freight, \$15.00.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.

I would prefer to have money sent by American Express order; all sums of \$5.00 and under cost only 5 cents, and if order is lost, money will be promptly refunded to sender. If not convenient to obtain express order, money can be sent by registered letter or postoffice money order or postal note, drawn on Portland, Mich. Postage stamps will not be accepted only from our customers that cannot obtain an Express Order—only those of one cent denomination wanted.

Plants are carefully packed in damp moss and delivered to express or freight office, for which I make no extra charge.

Address, DELOS STAPLES, Portland, Ionia Co., Mich.

Passed On.

Passed from this life, October 21, 1888, at Santa Maria, Cal., Reginald Chute Nuttall, aged 20 years, only son of Reginald W., and Sophia Frances Nuttall, and grandson of General Sir Trevor Chute, of H. B. M. Service (Papers please copy.)

Youth is sweet, with its fiery enterprise, and I suppose mature manhood will be just as much so, though in a calmer way, and age, quieter still, will have its own merits,—the thing is only to do with life what we ought, and what is suited to each of its stages; do all, enjoy all,—and I suppose these two rules amount to the same thing.

Strength is incomprehensible by weakness, and, therefore, the more terrible. There is no greater bugbear than a strong-willed relative in the circle of his own connections.

A MIRACLE—DR. A. B. DOBSON AGAIN.

If the following cure had been performed in Bible times, it certainly would have been called a miracle. We will leave the father and mother of the little girl to tell the story:

"Our little girl, twelve years old, had the diphtheria of a malignant type, and it left her in such a state that it affected her mind and spine; and she was in such a condition she could not walk, talk or feed herself. She was continually in motion; her hands, head and limbs, could not be kept still a moment."

"We employed the best physicians, and they could do nothing for her, and advised us to send her to the University at Ann Arbor, Mich. As we were preparing to send her to that Institute, a Mrs. Potter, of Albion, Mich., came to our house and gave us one of Dr. A. B. Dobson's circulars, stating he had cured her, and she believed he could cure our little girl. We then said we would not send her to Ann Arbor till we had first counseled the 'humbog' at Maquoketa, Iowa. We wrote to Dr. Dobson; he answered immediately, he calling her disease a fearful case of St. Vitus' dance. We lost no time in sending for his so-called spiritual remedies, and in two weeks after she commenced taking them, she was perfectly well, and we soon commenced sending her to school. This naturally created an excitement, and the sick flock to us asking who cured our child. We told them, gave his address, and we wrote him many letters for the sick of this place, ourselves, until his patients numbered hundreds, and many more wonderful cures were performed by him in this place."

"We heard Dr. Dobson was going to Jackson, and we wrote and asked him if he would not call on us, for we did so much want to see the man who had saved the life of our little pet. He said, 'he would.' We procured the best suite of rooms at the Donnelly House, and told our friends that Dr. Dobson would be there on the 14th of November, to remain two days. He came, and so did the sick; his rooms were full all the time of his stay. Over one hundred took his treatment. Our little girl met the Doctor several times—she and we naturally would love the one who had cured her. Whether this cure was done by spirit power, we know not; but one thing we do know: our little girl was terribly afflicted, even at death's door, and now she is as well as any member of the family; and by her getting well it has been the means of many more in this town sending to him and getting cured. If you have any doubts of the above facts, write to us direct, or to any responsible person of this place."

"J. C. KIMMEL,
"MARY KIMMEL."

Mr. Kimmel is a prominent clothing merchant, and he and his wife are members of the Presbyterian church, of Mason, Ingham county, Mich. Hundreds of such cases as this, Dr. Dobson and his band are curing monthly, among them many old school physicians.—*Maquoketa Record*.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the *GOLDEN GATE*, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the *GOLDEN GATE* Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. WINGLAW'S SOUTHERN SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

There can be no truer test of the noble and heroic in any individual, than the degree in which he possesses the faculty of distinguishing heroism from absurdity.

The passionate are like men standing on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mrs. Albert Morton,
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Those that will accept this position will find it very pleasant work. A few hours each day devoted to the sale of this book will bring you a nice income. Aside from this, you are doing a great spiritual good in distributing to the many the advanced thoughts in the book.

With little effort the book can be sold to nearly every Spiritualist that dwells in your city.

ONLY ONE AGENT to each town or city is wanted. Those that desire the same will please advise me at once, and I will mail them full particulars as to prices, etc.

The book is well advertised, and the many sales we have made is proof that this is the proper time for a book like this

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—{OR THE}—

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, free. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.; also, Saturday evenings. Meetings by same Society, at same place, every Sunday evening at which a choice musical and literary entertainment will be offered, for benefit of their free spiritual library. Admission, to cents.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN WILL GIVE AN ORIGINAL Poetical Lecture, in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth, over Curtin's store, Sunday, October 27th, at 7:30 P. M. After the lecture, a circle will be formed for those who would like to become mediums. Tests will be given. Also an opportunity for the afflicted to be healed. Admission, 10 cents. Those unable to pay will please call at 841 Market street, and receive complimentary.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN WILL HOLD SPIRITUAL meetings in W. J. Colville's College Hall, 106 McAllister street, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Speeches, music and a circle formed of the entire audience for healing, development and tests. Admission, 10 cents.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 114, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by Mrs. Ladd Finnigan. Admission, free.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets regularly every Friday evening at 106 McAllister street, at 7:30 sharp. Free library and free admission.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 106 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M.

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The New Education: Moral, Industrial, Hygienic, Intellectual. By J. R. BUCHANAN, M. D., \$ 1.50	
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The Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland, 1 00	
Spiritualists' Directory. By G. W. KATES, 25	
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The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing. By W. J. COLVILLE, 75	
Beyond. (Interesting Experiences in Spirit Life), 50	
Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona in Earth Life and Spirit Spheres, 2 50	
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Queen City Park Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In a previous article, mailed you a few days ago, mostly descriptive of camp-meetings of Sunapee and Temple Heights, I promised, if not too late in the season, to give you a few notes of Queen City Park meeting.

The beautiful grounds of this Association are located in South Burlington, Vt., upon a high bluff overlooking Shelburne Bay. From this elevation, estimated to be seventy-five feet above the waters below, beyond Shelburne Point, may be seen the broad expanse of Lake Champlain. In the background, tier upon tier, tower the majestic Adirondacks. Rock Dundee, of historic interest, and Juniper Island, add their charm to the beautiful picture, while upon the right of the bay rise precipitous cliffs, many-hued in the sun's clear light.

As we turn from the contemplation of the beautiful scene, the park itself is scarcely less attractive, and as we follow its broad highway in one direction, we pass many fine cottages, the hotel three stories high, surrounded with ample piazzas, all its appointments well ordered, its genial host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Mardigo, assiduously attentive to the wants of their guests. Still onward we walk, across the square, well fitted up for various games, beyond which we see the commodious pavilion. Still onward, and on our right other pleasant cottage homes, among which is the elegant and hospitable home of the President, Dr. E. A. Smith of Brandon, Vt.

Now we enter the beautiful "Lovers' Lane," admiring the beauty of the sylvan retreat, stopping, if we will, to quench our thirst at the spring; then over the bridge, up the hill, through the gate, to the station of the Rutland Division of the Vermont Central Railroad. Now I remember that we started from midway in the grounds, so we will retrace our steps to the starting-point, this time observing the fine, large, twenty-four-roomed cottage of Dr. S. F. Gould, and many others, attractive in appearance, until we reach the genial home of Mr. and Mrs. Gaston A. Fowler of Lynn, Mass. From this point, through gentle descent, we reach the spacious auditorium, capable of comfortably seating fifteen hundred people. The speaker's stand is unique and beautiful in design, and so arranged that the voice of the speaker readily reaches the most distant hearers.

I must not longer linger in the realm of the descriptive, as no words can do justice to the attractions of this beautiful camp. The air is invigorating, and invalids often recuperate here with wonderful celerity. The attendance is large, and the audiences represent, in the main, intelligence and refinement.

The conferences are unusually spirited, and mediumship is appreciated and patronized liberally.

The present year, representing the sixth annual gathering, has been pre-eminently successful. The Association is nearly free from debt, beside having about \$25,000 worth of property, and cottages own as much more.

The Ladies' Aid, through their efforts, have rendered the Association essential help, having netted them nearly a thousand dollars. This year they have completed the purchase of "Lovers' Lane." They have also contributed toward the auditorium.

The music has been delightfully rendered. The pianist, Mrs. Thompson, of Brandon, Vt.; the quartette, Charles W. Sullivan, Mrs. Ely, Mrs. Carr, and Mr. Withell, all of whom, upon every occasion, readily responded to a call for their services.

The entertainments, under the direction of Mr. C. W. Sullivan, have been financially successful, and intensely interesting. In the character impersonations, Mrs. Carrie Twing has made an excellent co-worker with Mr. Sullivan.

Your correspondent was present during the last week of the camp-meeting, and only had the pleasure, in regular lecture, of listening to Mrs. Lizzie Manchester of Vermont, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller of Dover, Mass., and Hon. Albert E. Stanley of Vermont.

I have never heard finer lectures than those given by Dr. Fuller, one of which held his audience spell-bound. The closing lecture of Mr. Stanley was a clean-cut, scholarly effort, and a fitting close of the course. Joseph Styles excelled himself, which is saying much in his favor, for a more remarkable instrument for the literal pouring forth of tests of a convincing nature does not exist.

I have scribbled at length, I perceive, and yet the half has not been told of the many good things that contributed to the perfect success of the Queen City Park Camp-Meeting of 1888.

MRS. JULIETTE YEAW.
LEOMINSTER, October 8, 1888.

Whatever is genuine in social relations endures despite of time, error, absence, and destiny; and that which has no inherent vitality had better die at once. A great poet has truly declared that constancy is no virtue, but a fact.

The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination; since inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

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To illustrate this GREAT SPIRITUAL WORK, the first Spiritual Family, and to those that need for advancing thought, I wish to appoint an agent (lady or gentleman) in every city and town in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries.

Those that will accept this position will find it very pleasant work. A few hours each day devoted to the sale of this book will bring you a nice income. Aside from this, you are doing a great spiritual good in distributing to the world the advanced thought in the book.

With little effort the book can be sold to nearly every Spiritualist that dwells in your city.

ONLY ONE AGENT in each town or city is wanted. Those that desire the same will please advise me at once and I will mail them full particulars as to prices, etc.

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In Heaven We'll know Our Own.
I'm Going to My Home.
Love's Golden Chain.
Our Beautiful Home Over There.
Our Beautiful Home Above.
Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking
Ours it was only left Behind.
The City just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?
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Cause and Cure of Crime.

Continued from First Page.

not only his own path, but also the path of others who may be groping along in their own darkness, as he was before.

This is the light that lighteth everyone who is born into the world, except idiots, in whose organism the star was never planted, and consequently they are no more responsible for their deeds than animals are. Nor is the man who is ignorant of possessing this star to blame for his wrong-doing. His responsibility falls on the heads of the religious teachers, be they parents, or other guardians who have their care, and failed to unfold his spiritual nature.

When man becomes convinced that his spirit will live forever, and when he learns that "as he sows, so must he reap;" when he learns that his happiness in the present life, as well as in the great hereafter, will depend on the unfolding of his higher spiritual nature; when he learns that to darken and cover up the light within him, he is darkening his future habitation; when he learns that a kind and loving company from the realms of Summerland are ready to surround him, and fan his star into a blazing sun if he but says, "I desire it with all my soul;" when he learns that anguish of soul is the lot of all who enter the dark abyss of the occult world, until by years of anguish and self accusation, he condones the past, and works up to higher spheres; when he learns that he can build for himself, over there, a house which the kings of earth might envy; or, on the other hand, a dismal cave of darkness, on whose walls are ever pictured before his living conscience the unbridled, evil imaginations of the carnal life which he has led on earth; when he learns that the star of hope within him, which he neglected to unfold and develop after he was told that he possessed it, is to be the only living witness which will rise against him, and declare that by her presence (the soul), all responsibility is removed from God, ancestors, and parents, and that he alone is to be held responsible for his actions.

To illustrate, let us suppose Mr. Tom Ignorant, a cousin to Tom Material, who lived in the town of Ingersoll, was called away to the city of Matter's End, to which he was obliged to travel on foot. It is night when he arrives at a mining-camp, through which he has to pass.

As he enters the outskirts of the camp, he is met by one of the city officials, a servant in the employ of Mayor Grace, who hands him a little lantern (spiritual unfoldment), telling him, "Take this to light your path, as the road is full of pits, which, should you fall into one, will be your death."

Mr. Tom Ignorant continues his journey, and forgetting the dangers ahead of him, swings the little lantern (the light of the soul) over his shoulder, and goes along, walking in his own shadow, when suddenly he falls into a deep pit, breaking his bones and losing his eyes.

A passer-by hears a groan from the pit, and looking down, sees a light below, and with it the prostrated form of the unfortunate Mr. Ignorant. The lantern did not break in the fall, and the light was still burning. He calls assistance, and the unfortunate traveler is rescued from the horrible pit, where he was so terribly mangled by the fall. One of his legs and an arm had to be amputated.

Time passed by, and the poor, unfortunate fellow recovered, but was a total wreck of his former self, unable to attend to or support himself, and consequently had to live on charity.

He was returned to his home in Ingersoll town, where his friends rallied around him, and laid all the blame on Camp town. They said he had a good case against the camp, and advised him to bring a suit for damages.

Following their advice, he engaged as counsel Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, and brought suit against the authorities of the town that had made him a physical wreck. (The authorities here represent the parents, ancestors, and religious teachers.)

A jury was impaneled, and the case opened, and argued eloquently on both sides, the counsel for the defense being Judge Collins (referring to the President of the Society). When the case was closed, it was submitted to the jury, who, after reviewing the evidence in the case, brought in a verdict accordingly, which was this:

"We, the jury, find the defendants of Camp Town to be clear from all blame and responsibility for this man's accidents. He was forewarned and forearmed, as the evidence clearly shows; consequently, all the responsibility lies entirely with the plaintiff."

You see, my friends, the light was given to this man with forewarning of the dangers ahead. He did not heed the warning given, nor did he use his light, which afterwards was found alongside of his prostrated body, and which, at the trial, turned out to be his only accuser.

All the religions of the earth now pass before our vision. They appear like so many worlds in the universe, revolving around a great spiritual sun. How many there are of those worlds! Some of them appear very large, while others are quite small, each religion forming a world in itself.

We have examined everyone of them very carefully, going round and round them all. Some of them appear very dark, with only bright spots here and there upon their surface. Others, again, contain great patches of light, but darkness

prevails. Everyone of them contains good, great good, good which we love and admire, good to which we are attracted, but error predominates in them all.

Not one of them do we find, in its present condition, suitable, or capable of regenerating the human race. In their revolutions around the great spiritual sun, they repel one another, owing to their great antipathies and contrary opinions.

Now I see coming from the great spiritual sun, around which revolves these worlds of thought, comprising the different phases of the religions of the world, the spirits of those who once dwelt upon them, each company of angelic visitants going to the world of religious thought from which they were evolved. They carry in their hands the light which is to illuminate the darkness of the religious worlds. I see the darkness fading away before the advance of the heavenly hosts.

The worlds are getting brighter and brighter, and as darkness and error fade away, they draw closer and closer together, until at last they unite, and form one grand and tremendous globe of universal thought. And being all of one mind and one accord, error and crime become unknown, and righteousness prevails everywhere upon the face of the united world.

And so it is, my friends. The religious bodies of the world, as they are today, are so individualized, that they are real worlds in themselves, wherein they hold forth false doctrines, and specially teach that their religion is the only way to immortal happiness; thus creating antagonism in their midst, and prejudice against all the other numerous "isms" existing on our planet.

This, in its very nature, sows and fosters the seeds of enmity which for ages past have fructified, and branched forth into gigantic trees, which have blossomed and ripened into the fruits of selfishness and crime.

We will sum up the whole in one sentence, and tell you wherein we see, evolving from, in the far distant future, the complete emancipation of mankind from error and crime. Here it is in a nutshell:

In a high moral and religious training, which ought to begin with both parents, before they commence to incarnate, and follow it into the cradle, by gently unfolding the spiritual nature; taking care not to circumscribe it; but leave open for it the whole universe of God to expand in; coupled with unlimited freedom of thought on all matters, and a universal system of improved and progressive public education, wherein will be taught all the sciences pertaining to the realm of mind and matter, thus enabling mankind to study nature and nature's God, do we find the only means capable of redeeming the human race from depravity. In it we find the solution to the subject before this meeting; "Which is the best way to prevent crime?"

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

If we complain of a lack of sympathy, charity, and magnanimity among our fellows, let us look to it that the real trouble is not a dearth of those same Christ-like elements within our own natures.

The most satisfactory and beneficial results can only be accomplished through a genuine love for the occupation we are engaged in, rather than the remuneration we hope to receive.

Never allow your happiness to rest upon any external condition or circumstance, lest some unlooked for adverse wind overthrow so frail and unstable a foundation, leaving only disappointment and desolation in its stead.

Influences, like switchmen, are stationed all along our earthly track. It is our right, need, and duty to see that as few incompetent, unprincipled, and malicious parties represent them, as possible, that our transit to a fairer country may be more rapid, safe, and enjoyable.

How much of our complaints and regrets are the direct and visible result of our own short-sightedness and unsound judgment? Would it not be wiser and more commendable in us to set about the prevention of future errors, than to dwell upon the disappointments and mishaps of the past?

Why plod along under the dim and unsatisfactory regime of orthodoxy, ever uncertain how your spiritual account stands with the Great Author of souls, until upon that last great day, the book shall be opened for final settlement? Have you not learned of our beautiful philosophy, teeming with unlimited opportunities of acquiring spiritual wealth—treasures that we may continually enjoy here, and carry with us into the lovely Beyond? Spiritualism invests us with the privilege and responsibility of being our own book-keepers, our own bankers, and our own judges!—our deeds subject to the inevitable and inflexible law of compensation or retribution! It promises no other redeemer or savior than self! Does not the latter seem the wiser and more desirable teacher?

LOS ANGELES, October, 1888.

What is really momentous and all-important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and colored.

Did Moses Ever Cross the Red Sea?

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

A daily paper announces a Sunday-school lesson entitled, "The Smitten Rock; Involving the Impatience of Moses, the Meekness of Men." This incident in the life of Moses occurred, according to Bible chronology, B. C. 1491, which would place the event during the time of Pharaoh Thothmes II., who reigned in Egypt B. C. 1500 to 1445, was succeeded by Thothmes III., and he by Rameses the Great, who reigned 1370 to about 1270 B. C.

At this time Egypt was in the meridian of her splendor. She had attained a very high intellectual condition, and displayed in her objects of private luxury the taste of a highly refined people. Gold vases of exquisite design, found in the tomb of Rameses, and also in the tomb of Thothmes III., in Thebes, and now in the British Museum, testify the skill of Egyptian artificers. And of the abundant relics amid the various institutions of the ancient Egyptians, none are more interesting than those which relate to their social life; and when we consider the condition of other countries in that early age, at the time these flourished, we must look with admiration on the advancement they had then made in civilization—far beyond that of coeval nations, infinitely beyond that of the Hebrew people—and we must acknowledge the benefits inherited by mankind from their career; for, in common with other semi-civilized peoples—the Persian, the Greek, the Assyrian—they have played an important part in the great school of the world's development, and in the destined progress of the human race.

The great interest felt by the students of ancient history in the Egyptians, arises from their having led the way, or in having been, in fact, the first people we know of who made any great progress in the arts and manners of civilization, far beyond the other cotemporary kingdoms of the world; nor can we fail to remark the difference between them and their Asiatic rivals—the Assyrians, the Persians, the Jews—who, even at a much later date, had the great defects of Asiatic cruelty, as in the case of the latter people, so fully set forth in their Hebrew Scriptures.

Being the dominant race of that age, the Egyptians necessarily had a humanizing influence on those with whom they came in contact. Thus civilization is advanced through its various stages, even in spite of the brutal obstacles offered by religious bigotry. Even the talented Greeks sought and improved on the lessons derived from Egypt, and so late as the seventh century B. C., when, says Herodotus, Egypt had lost some of its greatness, and its prestige of supremacy, among the nations of the world, it was still the seat of learning, and the resort of students and philosophers; while in the era given as the Bible times of Abraham, of Joseph, of Moses, while these nomadic people were subsisting in tents, Egypt had attained the highest state of culture and refinement, as evidenced by their habits of social life, so fully and minutely pictured in the paintings and sculpture abounding in their buildings and tombs in Thebes and at Memphis.

In their homes, they had furniture and tapestry of the most elegant description; in their fields they cultivated every kind of grain and vegetable; in their parks every kind of tree, shrub, and flower; and in fact, many of our plants derive their names from the Egyptian—for instance, sorghum; sesame, sesame; indigofera, indigo; papyrus, perpetuated in paper; opobalsam, balsam, cultivated at Heliopolis; aroos, rice; and so on. Pliny catalogues 109 varieties of cereals, plants, and trees, while grain, on those irrigated districts, was most abundant.

Herodotus says that the supply of grain and other produce was so abundant, that not only her own dense population was supplied with a profusion of the necessities of life, but the sale of the surplus conferred considerable benefit on the farmer, in addition to the profits which thence accrued to the State, for Egyptian granaries were full from the earliest times, and all people felt sure of finding plenty. Compare such thrift and prosperity as this portrays, with the shiftlessness of the wandering, quarrelsome tribes mentioned in Holy Writ.

It is very remarkable that, in the annals of this cultivated people, from Menes, about 3000 B. C., to the conquest by Alexander, no mention whatever is made of the alleged habitation and exodus of the Israelites under Moses! and amid the most minute details of public life, of agricultural life, of domestic life, sculptured processes of their manufactures of every description, of their harvesting, in short of every conceivable employment in so great and populous a nation; yet not one notice of the extraordinary events preceding or during the wonderful exodus described in the sacred volume, B. C. 1491!

At this period, during the reign of Thothmes the Second, we have the most elaborate portrayal of the different warriors in alliance, or at war with Egypt, their costumes, their arms, their helmets; one of these of the Thairatana, a people inhabiting a country in Asia, near a lake or sea, wore helmets surmounted by a crest, probably the first people who wore this distinction on their head piece. They were armed with long spears and

pointed swords, clad in a tunic with coat of mail, and with round shields—a peculiarity which my friend Layard, who accompanied us on the Chenesy expedition to the Euphrates, remarked in similar shields found by him in Ninevah; and which he also attributed to the Thairatana; who, he says, occupied the country about the modern Antioch, and are mentioned among the conquests of the Assyrian kings at Nimroud.

These at one time were the enemies, at another the allies of the Pharaohs, and they are represented assisting Rameses II. against the Khita, and are sculptured assaulting a fort, in a representation of this battle at Thebes; yet we find not one figure to represent Moses or his six hundred thousand warriors that fled with him across the Red Sea!

We have pastoral scenes in abundance, cattle emerging from the overflowed Nile, superintendents, herdsmen, clerks taking account of stock, some others branding cattle; but not one sign of the dying cattle afflicted by the Lord with the murrain (Exodus ix., 3.), and for which little operation, had it occurred in this State, Mr. Moses would have been lynched. Just let us think of the iniquity of diseasing the cattle of a populous people, who had no more influence with Pharaoh regarding the Israelites than Californians have with Grover Cleveland. Can anything be imagined more atrocious than destroying the industries of a people, in consequence of a quarrel with their ruler? Yet this the Bible morality taught in our schools. Under these conditions the question naturally arises in thoughtful minds, What did the Lord see in the "Hebrew children" to select them for especial favor before all the other nations of the world? A tribe of wandering nomads, according to their own showing; while, if favoritism had been determined on, here were the Egyptians, a cultivated people, ready to hand, a people as far superior to the Hebrews in all those qualities that lift man above the gorilla, as the American nation displays to-day in comparison with the Australian aborigine. And again,

Point 2, Having made the selection, why did not Moses and the Lord keep them in Egypt, certainly a much more fertile land than Canaan? And it would have been just as easy to have cleared out the Egyptians as to have gone on a filibustering expedition against the Canaanites. What would be thought of that man's judgment to-day, who would emigrate from the fat land of Fresno in the irrigated district to the alkali lands on the west side? Surely six hundred thousand men (*vide* Exodus xii., 37.) with the pillar of fire in the van, could have swept Egypt as clean as Joshua subsequently swept Canaan.

Point 3, The Exodus being determined on, why did they not return by the same route that Joseph and his folks came into Egypt. Let any one take the map, and state, if possible, the advantage of the Red Sea route. Joseph came out of Syria; his brethren came for corn (*vide* Genesis li.) and they returned and finally brought their father back and forth several times without any difficulty whatever, all along during the years 1707 and 1706 B. C. (Bible Chronology, Genesis li., *et seq.*) Then for what on earth did they want to cross the Red Sea into the Arabian Desert? Such a *faux pas* to-day would subject the leader of an expedition to the insane asylum.

Point 4, When Moses got them into the desert, why did not he teach the people to irrigate the soil, as they had seen done all their lives in Egypt? There was evidently no trouble about water, as Moses could get it any day by striking the rocks in Horeb; and, anyway, he might have taught them to bore artesian wells, and cultivate the land, instead of loafing about their time away, eating sweetmeats. It may be said that they had no plows, but they could have just as easily stolen the Egyptian plows, as have taken their earrings and necklaces and jewels (*vide* Exodus, xii., 35.); and surely the Lord might have foreseen that a plow would be more useful in a new country than a necklace, as he necessarily knew, even if Moses did not, that there were no pawnshops in the desert; and Moses has been much overrated for his leadership, or he would have prospected the country before he plunged six millions of people into a barren desert.

Let us pause: 600,000 warriors is about as one to ten in a population that would give six million people. The descendants of "three score and ten" came to Joseph in Egypt in the year 1706 B. C., and exodited in 1491, 215 years afterwards, that is to say, in the emigration, Exodus, xii., 37, "The children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth 600,000 on foot that were men, beside children and a mixed multitude went also up with them."

Now, here we have six millions of people descended from seventy in 215 years; that would be at the rate of twenty children to each female continually every forty years, without allowing one death in the period. Truly a prolific race! No wonder the Egyptians were glad to be rid of them, the plague stories to the contrary, notwithstanding.

A. Y. E.

Young rector—"You go to the kindergarten, little girl—" Little girl—"Yeth, thir." Rector—"Are there many little boys and girls at the kindergarten?" Little girl—"Yeth, thir." Rector—"I hope they are very good, and never say or do anything naughty." Little girl—"Well, thir, Johnny Shary did thay that Harry Brown wath a d— fool, but then he lth, you know!"

"There is No Death."

[The following communication from Spirit Alfred Cowles, through the mediumship of Mary M. D. Sherman, of Adrian, Mich., and addressed to his daughter, Mrs. E. D. French, of San Diego, will be read with interest. Judge Cowles, who passed to spirit life about a year ago, has several months over one hundred years old at the time of his transition.]

MY DEAR CHILD:—How true the inspired poet spoke, when he said: "There is no death; what seems so is transition;" a going out of old, worn-out conditions; vacating an old, shattered tenement for a new one; being reunited with the tried and true of former days. Such in part, daughter Nellie, has been my experience since I left my body in the home of my son for interment.

My age was an advanced one, and I feel proud that I bore my years so well; I feel proud of the experiences gained; not one event can I afford to lose; I hold each as sacredly as the devoted Papist does his beads. Death, so-called, is a glorious door through which I entered to find youth, understanding, knowledge, and friends. Many glorious surprises have met me. I had not expected to find so much naturalness, yet why not? Had I found foreign elements, I should have been dissatisfied, home-sick, and longing for the old flesh pots of age and decrepitude. I see around me everywhere nature, natural traits in men, women and children. I see each acting according to development and inherent forces. As yet I am a quiet looker-on, a student, a gleaner; by and by I shall enroll my name among the workers, saying, "Here am I, ready for my place, wherever it may be."

Since coming here my rest has been delightful, generous and health-giving; for the wife of my early manhood met me, and with Elizabeth, she bore me from my weary body upon a bed of fragrant flowers, and, my dear child, I rested, rested, rested so completely. I do not find adequate language in which to express to you that which my soul senses concerning this new, beautiful, natural life world. I can only say, Rejoice, dear children, that your old father, grand father, and friend has safely passed the ordeal which each of you must pass in order and time, and rest assured that I, with other dear ones, will welcome you home! Sacred word.

With added experiences from time to time, I can speak to you through your friend, whom I am glad to meet in spirit. She is like a musical board, I touch the notes, and they respond in harmony to my thoughts. Grand, my child, so grand is the interblending of thought—spirit; how powerful, how deific! Through your own organism, child, I'll come, and you shall hear from mother, sisters, children, friends, and from your loving, living father,

ALFRED COWLES.

What a Child's Kiss Can Do.

In a prison in New Bedford, Mass., there is a man whom we shall call Jim, and who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last Spring he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, and was "given away" by one of his conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his counsel. While never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed them like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party began climbing stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face; and the little girl held out her hands and said:

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him.

At the head of the stairs she said:

"Now you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face, and then kissed her cheek; and before he reached the foot of the stairs again, the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no prisoner gives less trouble. Maybe he has a little Katie of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he may forsake his evil ways.

The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them. These are pictures and statues of departed friends which we ought to cultivate, and not such as can be had for a few guineas.

It is God's ways, of beggars to make men of power, just as He made the world out of nothing.—Martin Luther.

A wise man adapts himself to circumstances, as water shapes itself to the vessel that contains it.

Men like to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told of their duty.

Soliloquy of the Spirit over its Clay.

"The wonderful stranger—it looks as dead,
And yet I feel no fear;
My body lies upon the bed,
And I am standing here
With all my faculties complete—
A perfect man from the crown of my head
To the very soles of my feet."

"Dead! dead! what an earthly word!
Ah! now I see it all!
I was wont to laugh at the truths I heard
Of the death in life and life in death—
And held that the ceasing of the breath
Was the final end of all."

"But I have fled from what is dead,
And will warm this clay no more,
That lies so senseless on the bed,
Deaf to those who deplore
The absence of the living ray
That saved the body from decay,
And held the worm in awe."

"But what will my darling say to this
When she hears I have passed away,
And knows the lips she was wont to kiss
Are pallid crumbs of clay?
Will she die for the want of the olden bliss,
Or live for the heart's decay?"

"My only wish is to see her now—
Great heaven! and can it be?
There she lies with her curl-lit brow,
Dreaming a dream of me;
Dreaming a dream of the man that stands
Here by her side to-night;
And kisses the white of her heavenly hands,
And her eyelids' veiling light."

"Ah! now I know that I will go
Where my true affections are,
And what I love below or above
Will be my guiding star;
And the light that I see cometh to me
Undimmed by the clay which lies
Stiff and stark, and growing dark,
In the glow of the tropic skies."

"O, the narrow space I was compassed in,
Chained to a lump of earth,
And darkened by clouds of grief and sin
From the moment of my birth;
But I am free, as thought can be,
And am where my wishes are—
And pure and bright with the lucid light
That flows from the Lord afar,
Making me shine with the rays divine
Eternity cannot mar."

After the Wedding.

All alone in my room at last—
I wonder how far they have traveled now?
They'll be very far when the night is past,
And so would I if I knew but how!
How calm she was with her saint-like face!
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue—
(How careless I am with my mother's lace)—
Her hands are softer and whiter, too."

It is only one summer that she's been here;
It has been my home for seventeen years;
And seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead to-night in a rain of tears!
It is dark, all dark, in the midnight shades,
Father in heaven, may I have rest!
One hour of rest for this aching head,
For this throbbing heart in my weary breast."

I loved him more than she understands—
For him I prayed for my soul in truth;
For him I am kneeling with uplifted hands
To lay at his feet my shattered youth.
I love him! I love, I love him still—
More than father, mother or life!
My hope of hopes was to bear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife."

His wife! the name that angels breathe—
The world shall not crimson my cheek with shame;
'Twould have been my glory that name to breathe
In the princely heart from which it came.
And the kiss I gave to the bride to-night
(His bride till light and life grow dim),
God only knows how I pressed her lips,
That the kiss to her be given to him."

—WILLIAM L. KRESE.

A Little.

So little made me glad, for I was young:
Flowers, a sunset, books, a friend or two,
Gray skies, with scanty sunshine piercing through—
How little made me glad when I was young!

So little makes me happy, now I'm old:
Your hand in mine, dear heart, here by the fire;
The children grown upon our hearts' desire—
How little keeps us happy when we're old!

And yet, between the little then and now,
What worlds of life and thought and feeling keen!
What spiritual depths and heights unseen!
Ah me! between the little then and now."

For little things seem mighty when we're young;
Then we rush onward through the changing years,
Testing the gamut of all smiles and tears,
Till mighty things seem little: we are old."

—ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

Loss and Gain.

I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold! the east grew red
With morning."

I sighed that merry Spring was forced to go,
And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!
'Twas Summer."

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies;
But whilst I pined my hands were filled
With roses."

Half broken-hearted, I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend,
And dearer."

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given;
Until at last we find this earth exchanged
For heaven."

—GOOD WORDS.

Only.

Something to live for came to the place,
Something to die for, may be,
Something to give even sorrow a grace,
And yet it was only a baby!

Cooling and laughter and gurgles and cries,
Dimples for tenderer kisses,
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs,
Chaos of fears and of blisses."

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn;
This year a wilderness, may be;
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
That it brought there only a baby."

—HARRIET P. SPEDDEN, in "Home-Maker."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Beecher Family.

BY ALBERT MONTPELLIER.

The comments of Mrs. Holloway, quoted in the last number of the GOLDEN GATE, in relation to the declining days of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, wherein she says, "Mrs. Stowe has stood on the outer portals of earth-life, peering, with the innocent curiosity of a child, into the shadowy outlines of that country from which 'no one has come back to tell us of its charms or its desolation,'" show a remarkable ignorance of the condition and belief of the inspired writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work which undoubtedly had a remarkable influence in hastening the enfranchisement of four millions of human beings from the bondage of slavery. Instead of peering with childish curiosity into a shadowy country, Mrs. Stowe has for many years seen the beauties of the Summerland with the eyes of faith, and has realized the sweet communion with the loved ones who have preceded her to that beautiful home. Mrs. Stowe has repeatedly stated she was but the instrument of higher powers in the production of her masterpiece, and her testimony as to her belief in the communion with spirits, has been published to the world.

The American Liberal Tract Society (of which society I was secretary until my removal to California), published, in 1870, a tract entitled, "The Ministration of Departed Spirits," written by Mrs. Stowe, in which she portrays the beauties of angelic ministrations; and I now have a letter in which she requested me to send her copies of the tract. Not only is Mrs. Stowe a Spiritualist, but her husband, Prof. Stowe, an eminent Orthodox divine, was a firm Spiritualist and an excellent medium. He kept the guitar upon which his arisen wife had played, suspended in his study, and she frequently returned from the "shadowy country" to play upon it and to hold communion with her loved one. The declining days of Prof. Stowe were cheered by "the Ministration of Departed Spirits," through the instrumentality of his own mediumship.

It is a powerful argument in favor of the elevating agency of Spiritualism that many of the most prominent and unselfish workers in the anti-slavery cause were ardent Spiritualists. The names of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, Joshua R. Giddings, Benjamin Wade, Henry Wilson, George Thompson of England, and many others in the anti-slavery ranks, will always be held in profound reverence by all lovers of freedom, and those named were all outspoken Spiritualists. All have gone to the "shadowy country," but they come back to work, with undiminished zeal, for

"The cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that they can do."

Henry Ward Beecher was also a believer in the communion with spirits, employing a clairvoyant in his family when medical help was needed, and frankly avowed his belief in private; but, like his friend Horace Greeley, policy—that bane which no true man or woman will permit to tarnish the lustre of principle—led them to hide their lights under a bushel. Perhaps the lights of their memories would shine brighter now if they had had "the courage of their convictions," and lived up to the teachings they received from the higher world.

An incident occurred in Mr. Beecher's church, while I was staying with Dr. Henry Slade, in New York, which I do not remember of having seen printed in the GOLDEN GATE. The statement was made in my presence by one of the circle, Mrs. Eleanor Kirke, a prominent writer for the press, and a noble, fearless woman, who has done much efficient work for the purification and elevation of society. The reporter's table was immediately in front of Mr. Beecher, and among them were several mediums—including Mr. Beecher; the effect of the combination was to form a strong spiritual battery, in which condition the spirits improved the opportunity to produce raps. Finally, the signals of approval grew so strong, when the speaker pleased his invisible hearers, as to create considerable curiosity and excitement in the minds of the listeners, and the "spirit circle" was broken up by the removal of the reporters to other locations in the church. The stale, "toe-joint, snapping" theory of Dr. Mahan, which was proven fallacious many years ago, but has recently been revived by the sensational reports of interviews with poor, broken-down Margaret and Kate Fox, would hardly afford a reasonable explanation of the manifestations in Beecher's church.

The Rev. Charles Beecher, a Spiritualist who has lectured for spiritual societies, is the author of a voluminous book on "Spiritual Manifestations," chiefly devoted to proving the identity of modern and biblical spiritual phenomena. Mrs. Isabella Beecher-Hooker is also a firm believer in Spiritualism, and has recently lectured upon the subject in Boston.

From this it will be seen that several members of the Beecher family, like Mrs. Stowe, have "peered into the shadowy outlines of that country," and, being remarkably well endowed with perceptive and reasoning faculties, have arrived at the conclusion that the loved ones have come

back—a conclusion concurred in by very many of the brightest and foremost intellects in the world.

Obsession.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Being a visitor at the Spiritualist camp-meeting, now in full operation in this fair city of the South, I am impressed with the thought that no public speaker and medium of real merit, who visits the land of the setting sun, bordering the mighty Pacific, should fail to find a fitting recognition in the leading spiritual paper of the sunset land, the GOLDEN GATE, which ever stands ready to extend a helping hand to all true, pure, and honest workers in the cause.

Conspicuous among the speakers and mediums present at this small gathering of the faithful, is a Mrs. Edith Nicklers, with her genial husband, from New York. Mrs. Nicklers is an unconscious trance speaker of more than ordinary merit. Her lectures are dignified, logical, spiritual, and very impressive; and as an unconscious test medium, both on the platform and in private, in the words of J. V. Mansfield, can't be excelled for accuracy and truthfulness of statement.

But what prompted me to address you more particularly, was an incident related by the lady in the conference meeting yesterday afternoon in reference to "Obsession." She stated that she never sat for development, but some three years ago the faculty or power of mediumship came to her spontaneously; when her inner soul was desiring some evidence of our spiritual origin and destiny, the door of mediumship was opened, and she both saw and conversed with the departed.

Soon afterwards a poor, miserable soul, who, finding the door open and unguarded, at least apparently so, he entered in and took possession, and told who he was; that he had been consumptive, and to drown his misery had taken to drinking, and had finally died in a drunken fit. He wanted to stay with her, and gradually led her on to talk about drinking, and asked her if she never drank wine. She answered, "No."

"But won't you drink a little for me? It would do me so much good."

"No," she said, she "could not do it," and asked him to leave her. As she remarked, "I was getting afraid of him." But he, finding he could not persuade her, he said he would not leave, and she could not help herself. He was comfortable, and was going to stay. He then tried to force her to enter saloons whenever she would pass any, and ere she was aware would find herself close to the door, and only by a resolute will power was kept from entering. At one time, passing a fashionable place where ladies(?) frequented, she had her hand on the door, and it was only by a supreme effort of will she saved herself from entering.

After this she retired to her room, and prayed to know if there were no honorable, virtuous and pure spirits who could come to her rescue. Almost immediately a tranquilizing and peaceful influence stole through her whole frame, and a voice said: "As you have prayed for honor, purity and virtue, Wisdom henceforth shall be your guide." And she said she had never had any trouble from low, undeveloped and unhappy spirits since; and she urged all, especially mediums, to live pure, virtuous lives, and that it was far better never to aspire after mediumship unless they were prepared to so live; for mediumship opened the door of the soul—if unguarded by purity of life—to all the low, depraved, sensual and unfortunate beings who linger around the haunt and purloins of vice, crime and sensuality, and whenever they can will possess such sensitives in order to gratify their unsatisfied longing for sensual and carnal pleasures.

JOSEPH TILLEY.

SAN BERNARDINO, Oct. 17, 1888.

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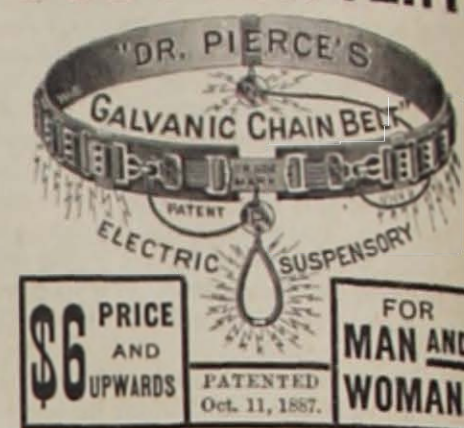
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